

William Oliver
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ONE PENNY.



THE AMERICAN WAR—THE EAGLE BEARER.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

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WITH the falling of the leaves, there is generally a falling-off in news. The present autumn forms no exception to the rule. The world, to a great extent, is sleeping in peace and stillness; dreaming of coming wars, of coming industrial wonders, railways, telegraphs, and iron-cased gunboats. Kings are playing in drama and comedy; and ministers are singing the Lullaby. England's foreign secretary has been glorifying the virtues of cold water, and a noble colleague of his, the still greater virtue of non-interference. It is an old doctrine, that of the Duke of Argyll, as old as the hills; unfortunately, men will not attend to it, true though the text may be. There are strong indications that France will soon break the injunction, and interfere in the American struggle by acknowledging the Southern States. That England will not do the same, is tolerably certain, after the noble minister's speech.

The American trouble seems to have entered a new stage of perplexity, which threatens international difficulties. Our ambassador to Washington, Lord Lyons, having, as was his duty, protested against the arbitrary confinement of British subjects, which has given rise to complaints for the last six months and longer, received from Mr. Seward a very flippant and almost insulting reply. The American minister coolly informed Lord Lyon that under the present state of things everybody had to acquiesce "cheerfully" in measures for the "safety of the people," including loss of life and liberty. To this was added the taunting remark that "the British Government could hardly expect the President to accept *their* explanation of the American Constitution." The insolence of this reply is certainly much stronger than its logic.

While the political state of Italy becomes more re-assuring every day—the incorporation of Rome and Venice being evidently only a question of time—the affairs of Hungary seem to get into greater difficulty with every successive movement of the administration. The last news from Vienna reports that the Emperor Francis Joseph and his advisers, finding it impossible of getting men and money from the Magyars in the ordinary way, have resolved to establish a "Hungarian administration which will carry out the intentions of the Government in every way." The official announcement adds, rather significantly, that martial law will not be proclaimed. But it is difficult to see by what other means but the ordinary *ultima ratio* of Kings the noble intentions of the Imperial Government can be carried out "in every way."

The news from India is rather cheering this week. The reports from all parts of the country speak very favourably of the expected cotton crop, and there seems a fair probability that the failure of the American supply will be made good, to some extent at least, by imports from India. Great efforts are being made in the cotton-growing districts to enable the people to meet any call that may be made upon them for their staple, unfortunately, the great want of India, roads, remains yet unattended to, and, however much cotton India produces, there is little chance of its profiting the English market, as long as it cannot be brought easily and at moderate expense to the sea shore.

The death of Sir James Graham, which occurred within the last few days, has caused much less sensation and expression of regret than that of many a man of inferior talent and position. But a few years ago his name was on every lip, whether for praise or blame; and, now that he is gone, the loss passes almost unnoticed. Yet Sir James was a really able statesman, if not a great man, and only wanted one thing, greatly valued in this country—that is *pluck*. He had neither the courage to side on all occasions with his friends, nor the boldness to attack, if necessary, his opponents, and thus it happened, as it mostly does under similar circumstances, that he was forgotten by both friend and foe as soon as he was out of sight. The *Times* says of Sir James, that he had the stuff of a great *nisi prius* advocate. This is a poor compliment, for that he had more than this is acknowledged by all who had an opportunity of closely watching his career, above the clamour of the multitude. Indeed, it is admitted on many sides, that he was the best administrator of his time—for a time not too rich in good administration.

THE EAGLE STANDARD BEARER.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON FRONT PAGE)

THE FEDERALISTS of North America have taken a leaf out of Louis Napoleon's Reminiscences, by adopting a live eagle as one of their war symbols. Some time ago Mr. Perkins, of the city of Chippewa, conceived the romantic idea of forming a regiment of natives, to be called the "Chippewa Eagles," and to fly with his warriors to the relief of the sorely dismembered Union. The idea proved a grand success, the eagles of Chippewa soon getting as numerous as the ravens of New York. So extraordinary an achievement required a still further crowning development, which was obtained by Colonel Perkins in the choice of a tremendously tall fellow, with a live eagle, for standard bearer. Our illustration, on the front page, gives a sketch of this high-grown mortal with his earth-chained monarch of the air. The young man, it is stated, is near upon seven feet high, and as brave, of course, as tall. Nothing is said as to where he has been raised; but there is little doubt that it must have been in Kentucky, where the breed of tall Vikings is still carried on with success, as we know from ocular experience. A regiment of such giants, with or without eagles, would do much, one should think, to drive the "Rebels" into the Mississippi.

THE FLYING FRENCHMAN.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 60.)

FLYING DUTCHMEN we have had before; but a Flying Frenchman is a novelty, even in this age of spiritualists and rope-dancers. Yet M. Leotard—the "wondrous Leotard" as he is called in the advertisements—is a flying Frenchman in the strictest sense of the word. He is more than a bird, for he flies without wings. Nightly he may be seen in the Alhambra as shown in our engraving, hanging between heaven and earth, with no other support but the thin air around him, and no other wings but his outstretched arms. With connoisseurs, deeply versed in acrobatic matters, it is a serious question whether Blondin or Leotard is the greater man. The dispute, we suppose, can only be decided by the solemn declaration that each is a king in his own particular line. It gives two more kings to *la grande nation*.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

Letters from Paris state that the Marquis de Monstier, French Ambassador at Constantinople, is to carry to the Sultan an autograph letter from the Emperor of the French, pressing his Ottoman Majesty to visit Paris in the spring. There seems to be little doubt that the Sultan will comply with the request.

A French government journal gives the very important news that the "civil and military household" of the Imperial Prince will be constituted in the month of March next. At that epoch his Imperial Highness will have completed his sixth year. Probably, when seven, the Prince will be nominated Field Marshal.

The Minister of Marine has arrived at Toulon, after visiting certain ports. The principal object of his visit is to take measures for transforming a number of wooden ships into iron-clad vessels.

A singular event occurred some days back at Sainte Michel-de-Lancé (Aude). Heavy rain having fallen, the stream called the Lhers rose rapidly, and a number of persons assembled on the bridge to witness the rise of the waters. All at once a mass of water came down with such violence that it swept down part of the bridge, and nine of the persons were drowned.

A fire broke out a few nights ago in a splendid mansion, not long since built by M. De Carnay-Latour, deputy of the Legislative Body, on an estate which he has in the commune of Virolade (Gironde), and which, though scarcely finished was universally admired for its richness and beauty. The fire is said to have broken out in more than one point at once. An alarm was instantly given, and the firemen from the surrounding communes were soon on the spot, but all their exertions were in vain. The loss is estimated at 1,400,000 francs, or £56,000.

ITALY.

The Italian Government has authorised Messrs. Rothschild of Paris to receive the last two-fifths of the national loan, which, according to a recent decree, may be paid in four monthly instalments of ten per cent. each.

The *Nazione* of Florence announces the municipality of Bologna has sent 6,215 francs to the committee for the subscription towards the cost of the Italian crown to be presented to King Victor Emanuel; the said sum being the amount of contributions received from various small communes near Bologna.

Rumour begins to occupy itself much with the pause in the settlement of the Roman question. There are not wanting those who assert that an understanding has been entered into between the French Government and Baron Ricasoli, the effect of which is to be the postponement of any change in the condition of Rome, and the adoption of some measures to give the precedence to the settlement of the Venetian question. According to the stories which are in circulation, the French Government has undertaken to open up negotiations with Austria for the peaceful cession of Venetia to Italy on certain conditions, and Baron Ricasoli has consented, on this understanding, not to press for the present the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome.

PRUSSIA.

From Berlin, comes the last news regarding the winding-up of the coronation festivities. The French ambassador seems to have been the hero of these latter days, in trying to surpass the King himself in doing things "regardless of expense." His grace of Magenta's procession to the "defiling gala-cour" was effected in three splendid carriages and six, and an open chaise. The duke and marshal himself rode in his new unequalled carriage. Its body was blue, on a red framework; but so lavishly silvered over that body and frame were quite overshadowed by it. The seat of the driver was all silver, and also the monkey-board behind, and the steps on either side. The wheel-boxes, lamp-boxes, &c., were also all of silver, and the decorations and heraldry either of silver or framed-in by silver. The seats inside were upholstered voluptuously, covered with silvery moire antique, and surrounded by unblushed plate glass. The doors were splendidly painted with the heraldic emblem in ermine of the owner—three red lions on a ground of silver, with staffs of marshalling crossing each other, and cannons. The carriage was drawn by six brown horses loaded with red and silver, their heads profusely decorated with thick cords of the same colours, each led by a melodramatic, pantomimic lackey in white and silver, three attendants behind in gorgeous attire, two fore-riders, two behind, decked and tricked out in white and red heralding embroidery. The whole was quite a treat for the cheering mob.

Unfortunately, the mob, having cheered sufficiently, began to fight. The riot arose out of the pretended ill treatment of one of the artisans who acted a part in the ceremony of the "living double espalier," by the denizens of one of the disreputable streets of Berlin. His companions in a body went to the locality to take vengeance for the insult offered to him, the low ruffians resisted, and a general riot ensued, which threw all Berlin into confusion, and threatened serious consequences.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

According to letters from St. Petersburg, the emotion which had manifested itself in the university of that city and in that of Moscow is becoming more calm. At the latter place the professors have succeeded in getting the students to agree to the new regulations. At St. Petersburg the old university had

been closed; but a new one has been opened, where students who apply to the university authorities are admitted without having to go through fresh examinations. Already 160 students have applied for admission, and the majority of them will, it is expected, accept the new conditions offered.

A letter from Warsaw of the 23rd inst. says:—The repressive measures are still carried out with severity, every day fresh arrests are made, and secret denunciations are very common. The only place of worship that was attended on Sunday last was the Evangelical Church, at which about 100 Germans were present. Amongst other repressive measures may be mentioned the closing of different public establishments here and in the province, and the withdrawal of the licenses to trade. The fine of 100 thalers imposed on those persons who closed their shops on the 15th inst., is collected by the aid of the military. The Lublin bishop, Father Baranowski, has been apprehended because he was at Horodla, and celebrated service there in the open air.

AUSTRIA.

According to the *Austrian Gazette* of Monday a ministerial council has been held in Vienna, under the presidency of the Emperor himself, relative to the affairs of Hungary, at which it was resolved to establish a distinct Hungarian administration, which should carry out the intentions of the Government in every way. The Vienna journal adds that it was not proposed to proclaim a state of siege in Hungary. To appoint, however, an administrative body, charged with the task of forcing government measures upon an unwilling people, must either mean a virtual state of siege or nothing at all.

The *Sentinella Bresciana* of the 20th publishes an account of an extraordinary scene at a sham battle amongst the Austrian troops at Montecchio Precaleino. The Austrian chasseurs were to take the head of the bridge over the Asolo, which was defended by two Hungarian companies of the line. At the command "Fire!" the latter were wounded, by a gun discharge of small pebbles. Six of them were wounded, three very seriously. This disgraceful trick so exasperated them that they made a charge at once upon the chasseurs with their bayonets. The one who led the Hungarians to the attack was a sergeant, who cried out to his companions in Hungarian, "With the bayonet!" The colonel, the major, and the principal officers interfered, but a terrible *mélée* ensued; for the fact flew from mouth to mouth, and other Hungarians rushed to the spot, determined to avenge the insult at any hazard. The Archduke Albert saved himself from danger by flight. While they expected him at Thiene, he had already taken refuge in his apartment at Vicenza. The grand manœuvres were suspended, and the commotion was at last suppressed by the general officers, who separated by force the Hungarians and Chasseurs, and led them in different directions. There, at present, the matter rests.

GERMANY.

Prince Ludwig, of Hesse, the betrothed of our Princess Alice, has returned to Darmstadt, to be present at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding-day of Prince and Princess Carl of Darmstadt, which took place on the 22nd inst. with great *eclat*. A great number of royal and illustrious persons assembled at the Court, and the day was held as a festival throughout the country.

The Consistory of Munich has just adopted (according to the *Augsburg Gazette*) an extraordinary measure. All affianced couples are solemnly warned that they must not allow their affections to induce them ever to anticipate the matrimonial ceremony; but they are enjoined, in the event of such a *faux pas* having occurred, that they are immediately to give information thereof to their pastor, and in the event of their not doing so, and the transgression being discovered after they are married, they are to be publicly preached at.

SWITZERLAND.

The Swiss Minister at Paris has, by order of his Government, complained rather sharply to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs of the scandalous attacks made by the semi-official journals of Paris on the Canton of Geneva; and he stated that these attacks were regarded as a proof that the French Government is profoundly hostile to Switzerland, and that in consequence a popular clamour was being raised in the country for the military occupation of the cantons nearest to France, so as to resist any sudden aggression. M. Thouvenel, it is said, undertook that silence should be imposed on the semi-official journals on the subject.

NORTH AMERICA.

A dispute has broken out between the British Ambassador and the Federal Government which threatens to be serious.

Lord Lyons has protested against the arbitrary confinement of British subjects, alleging that the authority of Congress was necessary for such measures.

Mr. Seward replied to the effect that in the present emergency all classes of society alike must cheerfully acquiesce in the measures which the safety of the people demand, and that the British Government would hardly expect the President to accept their explanation of the Constitution of the United States.

By the latest news from America we learn that Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, has addressed an important circular to the governors of the loyal States. He states that, as the rebels are making strenuous efforts to obtain a recognition of their independence from Foreign powers and to involve the Federal Government in difficulties with those nations which have hitherto been dependent for their supply of cotton upon the Southern States, it is necessary, with an eye to any possible warlike contingency which may arise, that the several States should place all the ports, harbours, sea-coasts, and lakes in state of complete defence. This, he says, must be done by the State Legislatures, as Congress made no provision for such an appropriation of the public money, but he has no doubt that it will reimburse them for their outlay.

The following particulars of the proposed naval expedition to the Southern coast, are furnished by the *New York Times*:—The great naval expedition that has been in course of preparation at this port for some weeks begins to assume colossal proportions. The steamers *Cahawba* and *Coatzaocalos* sailed on Saturday, the 12th inst., carrying the Rhode Island regiment, lately encamped at Fort Hamilton, besides a force of experienced surfmen, with their boats. On Monday morning the *Czar of the South* followed, having on board Colonel Serrill's engineer regiment, previously announced as having gone to Washington. This regiment numbers 500 men, all of whom are practical engineers or mechanics.

INDIA.

The Calcutta papers brought by the Overland mail are particularly barren of political or military news. The state of India at the present moment is happily one of remarkable tranquillity and freedom from political strife. The Governor-General had not given his assent to the Flogging Bill, and his hesitation gave ground for hope that he would veto it. The growth of cotton was becoming more and more the object of attention. The reports from all parts of the country predict favourably of the present year's crop, and every effort was being made to increase its culture in succeeding seasons. The only bad news from the peninsula is the mischief done by the terrible floods. Owing to the great fall of rain the rivers had overflowed in every quarter, and occasioned an immense loss of life and property. The floods had not reached Calcutta, but fears were entertained that they would.

Home News.

The Prince of Wales is about to pay a series of visits to the principal nobility.

Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein is at present on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Roxburg at Floors Castle.

Secretary Sir George Grey has arrived at his seat Fallodon, Northumberland, after attending the Queen from Balmoral.

Mr. Watts, the designer of the Warrior, is to be made a Companion of the Bath.

The venerable Marquis of Lansdowne is seriously indisposed at Bowood, in consequence of an accident.

Lord Fermoy, M.P., is about to be entertained at a public dinner in the City of Cork.

Mr. John Stephen Hampton, has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Western Australia.

It is now stated that the Earl of Aberdeen will not go to Egypt this winter, but will remain for a considerable time at Haddo House.

Lord Llanover has been appointed the lord-lieutenant of Monmouthshire. The Duke of Somerset has been appointed lord-lieutenant of Devonshire.

It has been determined, at a meeting held at Exeter, to take steps for raising some public memorial of the late Lord Fortescue.

The Hon. W. G. C. Eliot, now Secretary to her Majesty's Mission at Athens, has been appointed Secretary of Legation at Rio Janeiro.

A committee has been organized, with the object of offering a testimonial to Signor Costa, in the course of next season, in recognition of his remarkable services to music in England.

On Saturday last a number of boys belonging to the Field-Ragged schools were received into the Royal Navy on the recommendation of the schoolmaster.

The Conservatives of North Lancashire claim a net gain of twenty-three from the recent revision of the lists for that division of the county.

The long-protracted Middlesex Revision came on Monday substantially to an end—the greater portion of the time taken up with complimentary speeches.

The Mayor of Plymouth has received the writ for the election of a member in the place of Lord Vischelot, now Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, and fixed the day of polling for Thursday.

Sir Dominick Daly, Knt., has been appointed Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over the colony of South Australia.

Viscount Moseley has been appointed Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and of the Island of Prince Edward.

Lord Brougham's health has so far improved as to permit of his presiding at the anniversary of the Warehouses and Clerks' Schools on Friday.

The Aurora Australis, Captain G. N. Polson, left Gravesend on Saturday, with 99 single women, selected by the Tasmanian Emigration Agency.

Lord Russell opened a drinking fountain on Tower-hill, London, on Monday. His lordship made an interesting speech, in which he dwelt upon the benefits which these fountains conferred upon the poor.

The Bishop of Durham will consecrate the Shieldfield Church, Newcastle, on Tuesday, the 12th of November. Lumley Church will be consecrated by his lordship on the following day.

Her Majesty's Commissioners for the International' Exhibit of 1862 have received a communication stating that the Bey of Tunis had instructed his Prime Minister to provide articles for exhibition.

Sir George Grey has appointed Mr. Robert Rawlinson, C.E. (formerly one of the first inspectors under the Public Health Act,) to succeed the late Mr. Henry Austin as Superintending Inspector under the Local Government Act.

On Tuesday the offices of the equity courts re-opened after the long vacation. There are 270 causes set down for hearing. The arrears of rules in the common law courts number 109 only.

The Warrior, iron-cased screw steamship, Captain the Hon. A. Cochrane, is so far completed in her internal fittings that she may be said to be out of the dockyard hands. She was at Portland on Tuesday.

Mr. Philip Edmond Wodehouse, C.B. (now Governor of British Guiana), has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Cape of Good Hope and its dependencies.

On Sunday, for the third time, a simultaneous appeal on behalf of the charitable institutions of Birmingham, was made from almost every pulpit in the town. The returns at present received do not include half the congregations, but they show a total of nearly £1,400.

The Church of England Book-hawking Union has now sixty-two societies in its connection, who employ eighty hawkers in various districts of England and Wales. Many of the hawkers sell two or three pounds' worth of books weekly, while some rise to an average of £8 or £9.

The ceremony of the presentation of the Sheriff of London and Sheriff of Middlesex to the Queen's Remembrancer by deputy, they being represented by their Under-sheriffs, took place on Friday at the offices of the Queen's Remembrancer, in Chancery-lane.

The chief members of the Ministry remain dispersed in the

country. Russell continues at Pembroke Lodge, Ascot Park. Mr. Gladstone has left London for Hawarden Castle. The Duke of Newcastle has arrived at Brighton. Mr. Milner Gibson has proceeded to his seat in Suffolk.

On Saturday His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, attended by General Sir Charles Grey and Colonel Ponsonby, visited the gardens of the society, to inspect the model of the Queen, which is to surmount the Memorial of 1851, now in course of execution by Mr. Joseph Durham, R.A.

On Saturday afternoon, a meeting of the Lord Mayor's and Sheriff's Committee was held at the Guildhall, and the proceedings for conducting the necessary arrangements on Lord Mayor's Day were proceeded with. The civic pageant is to be provided upon the most liberal scale.

The Queen has offered to confer the dignity of knighthood upon Mr. Fairbairn, the president of the British Association, in consideration of the eminent services he has rendered to science. It is understood that Mr. Fairbairn has declined the honour.

The anniversary banquet of the officers who were in the charge at Balaklava took place at the London Tavern on Friday. Thirty-eight noblemen and gentlemen were present. Colonel Hodge, C.B., presided, supported by Lord Lucan, the Earl of Cardigan, and Sir James Scarlett, K.C.B.

By special request, Captain Jervis, R.A., one of the members for the borough of Harwich, delivered a lecture at the Town Hall, on Friday evening, on American affairs, to a numerous audience, comprising many of the influential inhabitants of the borough.

Captain Jolliffe, one of the members for Wells, is now lying dangerously ill, and with little hope of his recovery. It is thought that the wound which the gallant captain received in the Crimean war undermined his health, the effects of which are still labouring under.

The final close of the grain harvest in Ireland has been followed by a large proportion of the potato crop being safely raised, and in most cases stored up for the winter. Immense quantities of the finest qualities are now being shipped by the cross-channel steamers.

The Board of Trade returns continue to afford painful evidence of the disastrous effects of the American war upon the commerce of this country. Our exports for the month of September last, as compared with those for the corresponding period of last year, show a falling off of not less than £2,426,248.

The screw steamship Bermuda, from Hartlepool, which recently ran the blockade at Charleston, is now at Liverpool with a return cargo of cotton. We are expecting to hear of the arrival out at Southern ports of three other steamers, which sailed from Britain for Southern ports.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Richard Guinness Hill left the Warwick gaol, on bail, Mr. Collinson, his solicitor having arrived with the necessary authority for his release. The month's imprisonment which Hill has undergone does not appear to have done him physically any harm.

Sir James Hope, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief on the East India and China station has received Her Majesty's license to accept and wear the insignia of the Order of the Legion of Honour which the Emperor of the French has conferred upon him.

By order of the benchers the Temple-gardens were thrown open on Tuesday morning, and will continue open during a week, in order that the public may have ample opportunities of seeing Mr. Broome's splendid growth of chrysanthemums and pompons.

The success which has attended the Post-office Savings Banks has already far exceeded the expectations of its projectors. The number of accounts opened, even in remote districts, have been surprisingly numerous—the best proof that the advantages offered by the Post-office are appreciated.

On Monday there was a sale by auction on an extensive scale of the materials composing the dingy building in Downing-street, which has hitherto been used as the Foreign Office, and which is now to be forthwith removed for the proposed public office's extension.

The Marchioness of Westminster, together with Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P., and Lady Theodora Grosvenor, have arrived at Eaton Hall, Cheshire, from visiting the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle, and Sir M. Shaw and Lady Octavia Stewart, at their seat, near Greenock.

Her Majesty and the Royal family are living now in great retirement at Windsor Castle. On Sunday, the Queen and Prince Consort, Princess Alice, Princess Helena, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, Princess Louise, and the Princess of Hohenlohe attended Divine service in the private chapel. On Monday, Lord and Lady Palmerston arrived on a visit.

It is announced in a semi-official way that the King and Queen of Prussia, accompanied by the Prince and Princess Royal, will visit London next summer, on the occasion of the opening of the Great Exhibition. Some other Royal personages are also expected, and amongst other the Sultan of Turkey is mentioned.

It is positively stated that Mr. T. B. Horsfall intends to retire from the representation of Liverpool at the dissolution of Parliament, and to become a candidate for one of the divisions of Warwickshire; whilst Mr. J. A. Tobin and Mr. S. R. Graves are to be brought forward as the Tory candidates for the representation of the good old town.

Mr. Johnson Fox, the member for Oldham, has addressed a letter to some of his constituents, stating that though he is unwilling to sever the tie that has so long united him to the borough, he will resign his seat if the infirmities under which he at present labours should increase; and that in case of a dissolution he will not offer himself again as a candidate.

An important order has just been issued by the Lord Chancellor, by which the registrars of the county courts having jurisdiction in bankruptcy have conferred upon them, for the purposes of bankruptcy, all the powers given by the "Bankruptcy Act, 1861," to the registrars of the Court of Bankruptcy.

At Blondin's performance at the Crystal Palace on Monday, a momentary terror was caused by the sudden snapping of the balance pole, which fell in two parts into the organ. The less, however, seemed to have no effect upon the performer, for he at once made his way to the end of the rope, where a new pole was brought.

An important addition has been made to the collection of ancient marbles in the British Museum, by the arrival on Monday of a further portion of the results of the excavations undertaken at Cyrene, by Lieutenant Poercher and Smith.

time past in recovering — of Cyrene, have now finally left that place, for a considerable

The Liverpool Philharmonic Society's grandest concert of the season—the performance of Haydn's oratorio of the "Creation," with the principal soprano part supported by Madame Goldschmidt Lind, took place on Monday evening. There was one of the largest audiences that have ever graced the noble hall. Very few seats were vacant in the boxes or bays, and the spacious galleries were almost inconveniently crowded.

The seat for Carlisle, so recently rendered vacant by the death of Sir James Graham, is already the subject of a sharp contest. Mr. Edmund Potter, of Manchester, a brother of Sir John Potter, who for several years represented the cotton capital, has come forward in the Whig interest. The Conservatives have addressed a requisition to Mr. Hodgson, who for several years represented Carlisle, and is personally popular in that town.

The orphan child of Lord Forth and Mrs. Lloyd has been baptised by the names of Ann Cooper Lloyd, and is now at nurse in a village near Gloucester. A lady residing in Ireland, having read the account of the death of its parents, was so greatly interested in the fate of the child that she offered to adopt it as her own. Mrs. Lloyd's parents, however, have provided a liberal maintenance for the child, and the generous offer was therefore declined.

The apprehended distress in Lancashire, consequent upon the stoppage of the American trade, is beginning to be realised. At Stockport the increase of pauperism is characterised as alarming. There, it appears, that out of 16,000 mill hands, only 4,000 are working full time, 2,000 five days a week, 7,000 three and four days, while close upon 3,000 are wandering about idle. It is estimated that taking the Manchester district, including Preston, there are at the present moment nearly 100,000 persons, usually working in the factories, totally unemployed.

A meeting occurred a few days ago among the gentlemen cadets at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, the immediate cause of which appears to have been a new regulation which deprives them of the leisure time customarily allowed on Wednesday afternoon; but the true source of discontent is said to have been the quantity and quality of the provisions. The students also state that the regulations are totally unsuited to the present age of the cadets, and that in various ways they are not treated as gentlemen. A statement of the facts, in a formal and official report, was forwarded on Tuesday to head-quarters.

At a banquet given to him by his tenantry on Friday night, the Duke of Argyll, who is a member of the Cabinet, spoke at some length on the American question. Referring more particularly to the theory that, with the view of averting the disastrous consequences of a total stoppage of the American cotton supply, it is the duty of the Government to interfere in the quarrel between the Northern and Southern States. His Grace expressed a confident opinion that the country will never urge the adoption of such a step, while, on the other hand, he has "too great confidence in the firmness and public principles of the Government and Parliament to believe that they will be willing to submit to such pressures if it were put upon them."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PADDY RYAN.

The *Neagh Guardian*, an Irish journal, has the following amusing story:—Most of our readers know Paddy Ryan, formerly of Carrick-on-Suir, and more recently of Nenagh, the manufacturer and hawker of Irish tweeds. Paddy, who had at all times a great fancy for the Curragh of Kildare, was particularly desirous of seeing the plain once again while the Prince of Wales was staying there. He accordingly paid a visit to the camp during his Royal Highness's sojourn, and determined to offer the illustrious representative of the Sovereign his dutiful respects. By dint of stratagem he succeeded in getting into the presence of the Prince, in his quarters. Here Paddy paid homage to his Royal Highness, and having enjoyed this privilege, the bright idea struck him that he might turn the occasion to a little personal advantage, and accordingly he displayed to the view of the prince some specimens of his ware, which he chanced to bring with him, at the same time treating his royal highness, in his own peculiar brogue, to a gratuitous dissertation on the *modus operandi* adopted by him in the manufacture of the tweed, at his rural factory in Tipperary. The Prince was pleased with Paddy's power of speech, no less than the creditable result of his industry and toil, and to show his appreciation of both, ordered a coat of Paddy's own manipulation. Delighted, Paddy inserted his pliant scissors, and with lightning speed severed the making of the coat from the favourite piece. The Prince of Wales then ordered liberal payment to be made to Paddy for the article, and here it was that Paddy showed he was not only a loyal subject, but a generous one to boot. Was it Paddy Ryan to take payment for a coat for his future king? To do so would be unworthy of the name he bore, the country he belonged to, or the country that claimed him as a son. The prince could not think of accepting of the poor man's ware on such terms, and insisted on remunerating him. Paddy was inexorable, too, in his refusal of any sum, great or small, for the article; but since his Royal Highness was so determined on compensating him, he did not like to oppose his illustrious will; and if he would only give the dutiful liege of his august mother his autograph, merely prefacing it by a short statement that he had bought a coat of Irish tweed from Paddy Ryan, of Tipperary, of his own manufacture, it was all he would ask or accept of.

The Prince at once complied, and presented Paddy with the desired testimonial under his own hand. Paddy made obeisance and salams without number, offered prayers for the speedy and happy marriage of the prince, and retired, and being always opposed to the principle of "hiding his talent under a bushel," he exhibited the Prince's certificate to all with whom he came in contact, or, rather—to bring the favoured number into a proper limit—to such of those he met as would likely be influenced by example, particularly the example of a Prince of Wales, in taking a coat of Paddy Ryan's tweed. The result more than realized his expectations, as we are informed that

From the colonel down
To the man with the "trown"
of every brigade, regiment, and depot at the camp, invested in
Paddy's merchandise.

Nov. 2, 1861.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

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SKETCHES FROM THE AMERICAN WAR—1. GATHERING PROVISIONS.

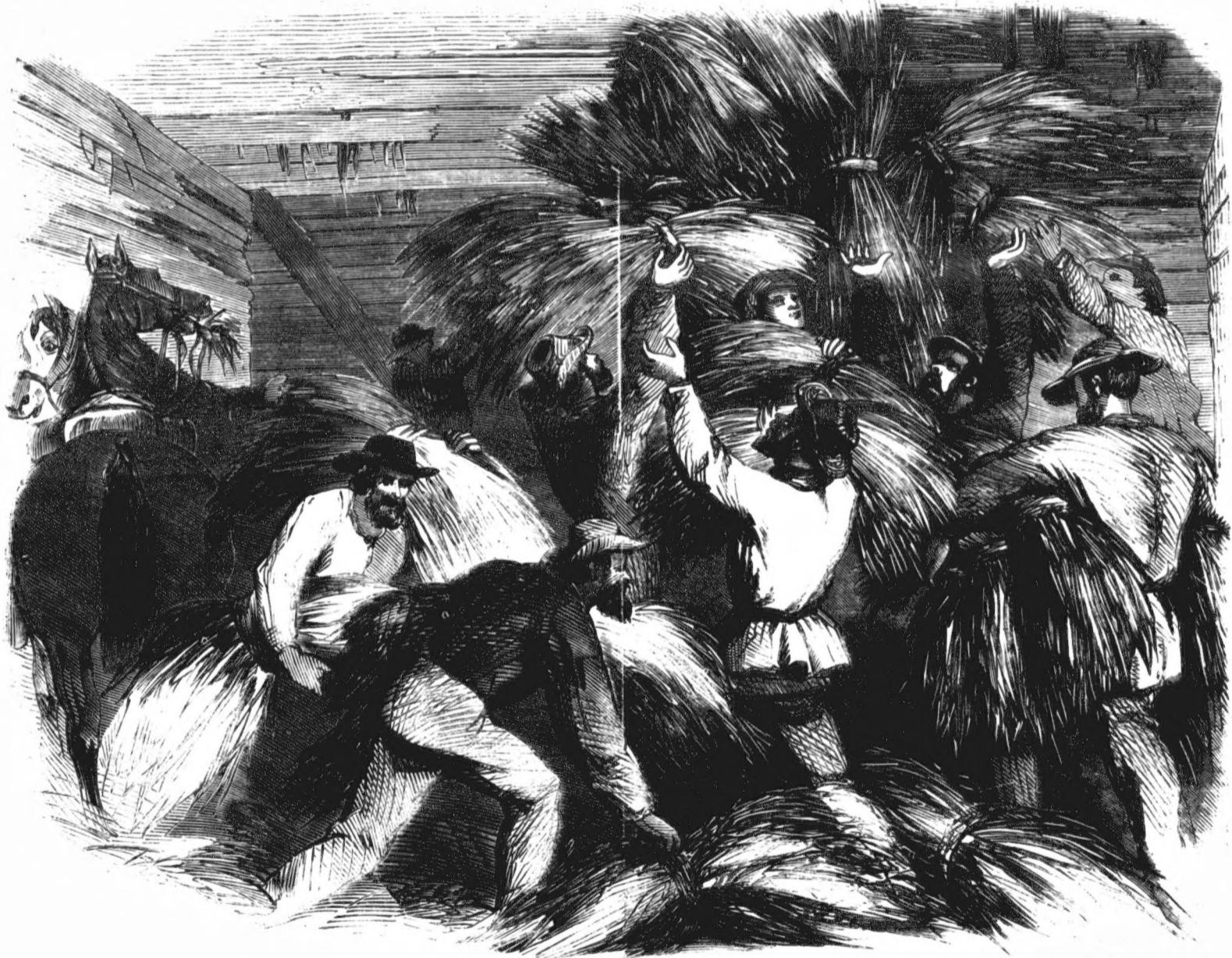
(SEE ENGRAVINGS ON THIS AND NEXT PAGE.)

To make prisoners and to gather provisions is now about the chief occupation of our much-beloved cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. The Southerners agreeably vary their business by now and then shooting their prisoners; whereas the Northerners confine themselves to leading them up and down the land, to the gratification of patriotic sentiments. The affair, as managed by the Union authorities, is picturesque enough. Given, a certain number of the ugliest *canaille* to be picked up from the scum of New Orleans; and given, on the other side, a detachment of handsome Northern gentlemen, the *elite* of Boston and New York, and the contrast must needs be striking, and highly gratifying to Northern feelings. As seen in our engraving, the thing is got up exceedingly well, and reflects great credit on the acting manager. The affair of "Gathering Provisions" naturally does not allow of so much latitude of romance, but is well enough in its own way. It is almost classic. Who, that sees full-bearded Republican warriors gathering provisions, can help thinking of Cincinnatus at the Plough?

POST-OFFICE DELAY.

On Tuesday morning an investigation into the extraordinary delay of upwards of 500 bankers' parcels at the General Post-office, and the whole of which ought to have been forwarded to the several parties to whom they were addressed by the first delivery on Saturday morning last, but which were detained more than twelve hours, *i.e.*, until nearly six o'clock in the evening, was resumed, the investigation into this unheard of case, having been commenced on Monday. It appears that the whole of the correspondence on Saturday morning at the arrival of the mails was duly received at the office, and placed in baskets (as is the custom) to be sent round to the stampers and sorters to prepare for the letter carriers. From some cause, perfectly inexplicable, two of these baskets, containing bankers' parcels, enclosing hundreds of thousands of pounds in notes, bills, &c., were completely overlooked, having been pushed under the "road" where the letters are sorted, and there it seems they were forgotten. As a matter of course the bankers, merchants, and, "though last not least," the authorities of the Bank of England, who had five packets, as we

the first delivery had taken place without the arrival of the more valuable part of their correspondence, instituted inquiries into the reason of their non-delivery, but the only answer they could obtain from the Post-office authorities, was, "That the whole of the letters, &c., which had arrived had been sent out for delivery." Upon this the telegraph was set to work, but each successive telegram from various parts of the United Kingdom brought a reply to the effect that the parcels had been dispatched to London through the Post-office in the ordinary way. The Post-office authorities, of course, became alarmed, fearing that another wholesale plunderer had been following his nefarious vocation; whilst, as the day wore on, and no tidings could be obtained of any of the packets, the consternation in the city became intense. Messengers and detectives were dispatched in all directions, and various means employed to trace the missing valuables, but up to five o'clock p.m. without effect. At that hour, however, the evening duty commenced, and in rummaging the office for baskets to carry the newspapers in, the lost parcels were found, the contents being quite safe. They had apparently been pushed out of sight, and they were overlooked by stampers, sorters, and other officers. On Tuesday morning the bankers determined to call upon the authorities for a full explanation.



THE AMERICAN WAR—1. GATHERING PROVISIONS.

VOLUNTEER MOVEMENTS.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is honorary colonel of the Cambridge Rifle Corps, opened the new parade and rifle ground on Wednesday at three o'clock. His Royal Highness fired the first shot at the new butt, in the presence of an enormous concourse of spectators.

The Victoria Rifles have received notice that they will not be allowed the use of the St. John's Wood barracks for the purpose of drill, and the notice has been practically carried into effect by a refusal to permit them to drill there during the past week. The plea for the refusal is stated to be that, having a drill-ground and buildings of their own, the corps do not require it.

On Saturday afternoon the members of the London and Westminster Rifle Corps assembled in Westminster-hall, under the command of Major Elmslie, who put them through battalion drill, the movements of which they executed in a manner that reflected the highest credit upon all concerned.

On Saturday, Capt. M'Sweeney, musketry instructor to the London Irish Rifles, proceeded with a section to the Government ranges at Plumstead Marshes, for the purpose of practice, when two-thirds succeeded in passing as marksmen.

On Saturday the ceremony of presenting the prizes competed for last week by members of the 1st Sussex and other Volunteers of the county took place on Box's Cricket-ground, Brighton. Colonel Moorsom, the commandant, presided, and Mrs. Coningham, the wife of one of the members for Brighton, pre-

sented the prizes. The band of the regiment was in attendance, the excellent music of which imparted great cheerfulness to the proceedings.

The prize meeting of the West Middlesex Rifles for the "West Middlesex Challenge Cup" took place on Monday morning at Wormwood Scrubs, and excited a great deal of interest. The shooting was for a cup valued at £25, and presented to the corps last year by F. H. Bridgeman, Esq., Captain Bridgeman, and Lieut. Phillips, to be shot for annually by the twelve men making the highest score in firing for the battalion prizes. The shooting for this prize came off at the 700 yards range, ten rounds being fired.

On Monday the contest between the members of the 1st Surrey Rifle Corps was resumed at Peckham, and, as it were, brought to a close, inasmuch as the prizes, Nos. 1, 2, and 3 have to be shot for at Plumstead, on a day to be hereafter named. The proceedings of Monday were confined to completing the firing for the prizes contended for last week.

Corporal Wicks made 19 points for Lieutenant Puckle's Challenge Cup, which was one point above that made for the same prize on Saturday, by Captain Irvine and Corporal A. Puckle.

The 12th Surrey Volunteers are making preparations for the winter campaign for drilling; Major Cockrane and the corps have decided upon erecting a handsome iron drilling-house, about 250 feet long, 50 feet high, and 60 feet wide, for the exercise of the volunteers in wet weather.

The efforts of the Scotchmen resident in Liverpool to establish

a national battalion of riflemen appear to be assuming a tangible shape. Some of the leading merchants in Liverpool, who are connected with Scotland by birth and trade, have expressed their approbation of the efforts to establish a Scottish battalion, and have signified their intention of supporting the movement. A public meeting was held on Monday evening in the Concert-hall, for the purpose of promoting the interest of the new corps, and some of the most influential Scotchmen resident in Liverpool took part in the proceedings. The nucleus of a strong battalion is already in existence in the two corps, which composed a portion of the now dissolved second administrative battalion; and as the project of forming a consolidated battalion of Scotchmen located on the banks of the Mersey receives favour on all hands, it will, doubtless, be carried speedily and effectively into practice.

Lord Londesborough lately offered to the Scarborough Volunteer Corps the sum of £10 to be shot for by the members. The officers and members thought it advisable to divide the sum into two prizes of £5 each. The first of these prizes was shot for on Saturday. The weather was exceedingly unfavourable, a heavy sea fog prevailing at the commencement of the proceedings, and falling so thickly as completely to obscure the target. The fog gave place to a strong drizzling rain, during which some very respectable scores were made. The distance was 400 yards, each man firing ten shots. The prize was won by Colour-sergeant Beckett, who made nine points. Privates Bennett and Crawford made eight points each. His lordship's second prize will be shot for on Saturday next.

VINCENT COLLUCCI.

In the year 1858, there resided at Bromley, Signor Vincent Collucci, an Italian artist, of about the age of thirty-one, rather good looking, of gentlemanly appearance, and a tolerably fair portrait-painter. He soon succeeded in gaining a valuable business connection, chiefly among West-end ladies. Thus it was that towards the end of the above-named year, he was highly recommended by a Lady Arthur Leonard to Miss Frederica Johnstone, of Twickenham, a wealthy, and, as the sequel shows, rather romantic young lady. The acquaintance ripened, and Signor Vincent Collucci was invited from time to time by Miss Johnstone to Twickenham to breakfast, and from thence proceeded to Hampton Court to see the paintings in the gallery there. This led to an intimacy; and on one occasion he admired her hand, and asked permission to be allowed to draw her hand. He afterwards asked her to allow him to paint her portrait. She consented to this, and the result was that she visited his studio from time to time. On one of these visits Miss Johnstone remarked that the prisoner seemed very depressed and low-spirited, and asked him what was the matter; and he said he was in great trouble, as his mother, whom he had left abroad in coming to this country, and who had given him her wedding-ring on his leaving her, was then in a dying state. Miss Johnstone asked him what would be necessary for his expenses, and offered him £50, which was all she had with her. He said that would not be enough, as some one had a claim against him to a considerable amount, and he was afraid of being arrested, and the result was that she ultimately advanced him £250 to enable him to leave the country for the purpose of visiting his dying mother. Before he left England there had been some correspondence between them, and in the spring of 1859, after he had left, Miss Johnstone was taken with a serious illness, and determined that if the prisoner returned, she would inform him that the marriage was no longer to be thought of between them. The prisoner did return, and she informed him of her resolve, and he appeared to acquiesce in her determination, but afterwards remonstrated with her, and begged that the same

feelings of friendship might still exist between them as before. This Miss Johnstone consented to, and she was frequently with him as before at his studio, where the picture was progressing slowly. Miss Johnstone had repeatedly advanced him sums of money as loans, and when the picture was at length finished, she, with a view to break off the intimacy, refused to advance any more money as loans. In May last the picture was sent to the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1861, but, although it was not considered as unworthy of notice, it

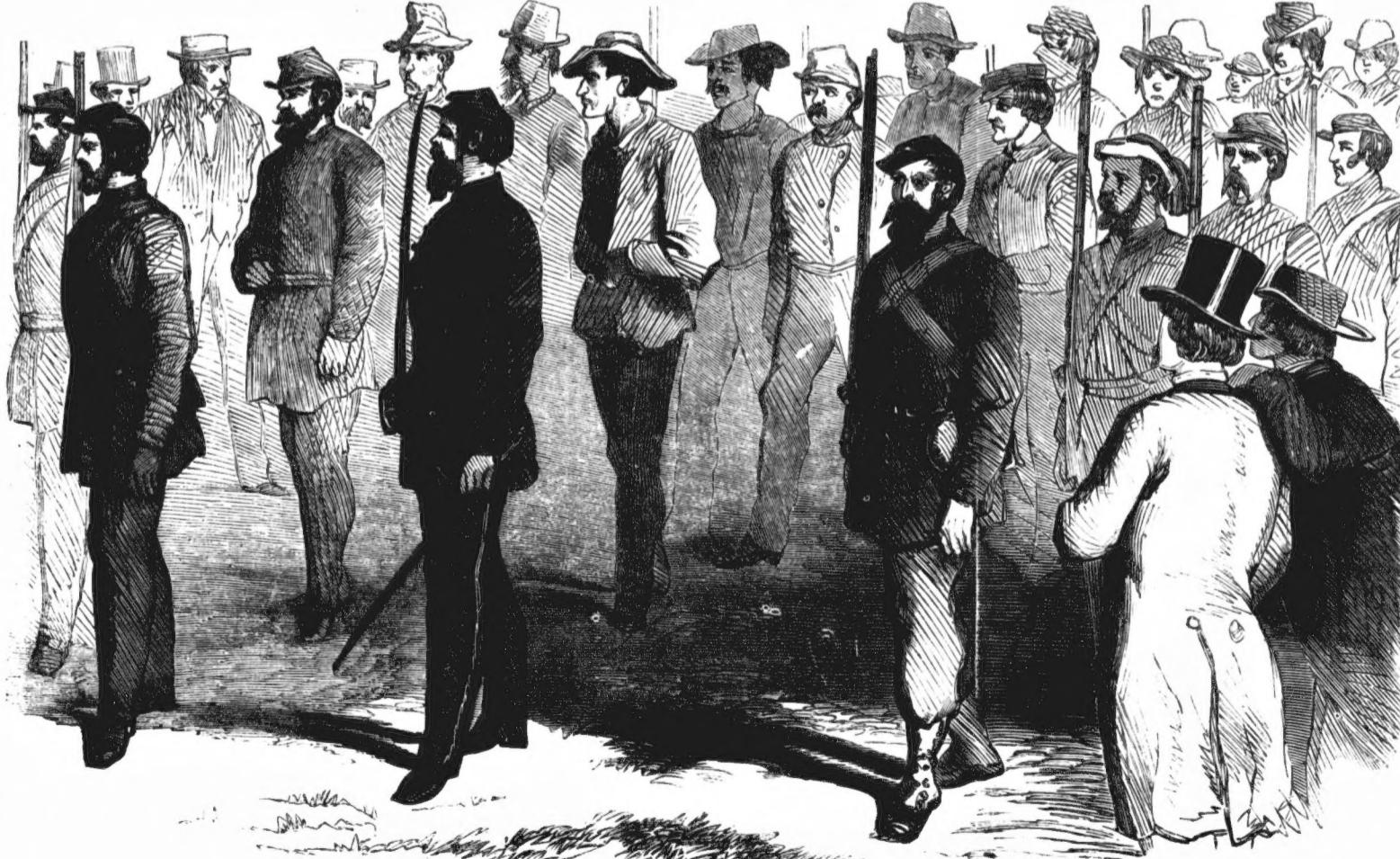
was placed in the second column, which denoted there was no room in the gallery. He was extremely downcast at the rejection of his picture, and was met with the sympathy of Miss Johnstone. About the time that the picture was rejected she was determined to break off the intimacy entirely, and with that view asked the prisoner to return her all letters which she had written to him, and he used some very alarming expressions, and said, "Oh, yes, she should have her letters." She urged him to return them, and his answer was that she should have them. She could not, however, get

possession of them, and he wrote her two letters which caused her some alarm, and finally he consented to return the letters upon receipt of £2,000, and an appointment was made to meet at the Pantheon, where he would deliver her the letters upon the receipt of the money. She accordingly met him at the Pantheon, and upon his delivering her parcel which she supposed contained her letters, she handed him the money and asked him to give her a receipt; but he made some excuse, and said he was in a hurry, and went away. She then took a cab, and on seating herself she opened the parcel and found it to contain, instead of the letters, as she expected, a quantity of old newspapers, with only one of the letters, which was the one she had written last, at the bottom. She then communicated with her guardian, who wrote several letters to the prisoner, but he refused to return the letters, and used some very alarming threats. He was, however, afterwards taken into custody, and then said he had not got the letters; but on being told his house would be searched he produced them, and £1,600 of money was found upon him.

The sequel of the story was that Signor Vincent Collucci was indicted at the Old Bailey, on Wednesday last, of the crime of "feloniously obtaining £2,000 from a lady, named Frederica Johnstone, by false pretences." The trial lasted the whole day, and caused great sensation. In his defence, the prisoner asserted that he did not give the prosecutrix any parcel on the 3rd of August, and that no bargain was ever made between him and the prosecutrix for the delivery of the letters to her, and he declared that the money was given to him not upon the condition that he should restore the prosecutrix's letters, but as a compensation to him for her refusal to marry him. The jury, however, not believing this statement, found Signor Vincent Collucci "guilty," and the Lord Chief Baron sentenced him to be kept in penal servitude for the term of three years.

Since the conviction of the prisoner he has been in a most melancholy condition, and it appears that the result of the trial was most unexpected to him, as he entertained a most confident opinion that he should either be acquitted, or that Miss Johnstone would not appear and give evidence against him. It is stated that before the trial an offer was made to the prisoner, if he would plead guilty, and consent to the restoration of the £1,600 that was taken from him at the time of his apprehension, the prosecution would apply to the Court to allow him to be discharged. But he positively refused to accede to this proposition. The prisoner, it appears, lived in a most luxurious and extravagant style at his residence in Ovingden-square, and expended no less than £300 in three weeks.

VINCENT COLLUCCI.



THE AMERICAN WAR—CONFEDERATE PRISONERS. (See page 52.)

Literature.

"Of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy, are the things we call Books."

—T. CARLYLE.

The Dublin University Magazine. No. CCCLVII, for Nov., 1861.

This is a lively and varied number of a popular periodical that has nearly reached its sixtieth year. Such age indicates a sound constitution. We can only spare room for the following extract—a just tribute to the memory of the late Lord Eglington:

LORD EGLINTON.

Lord Eglington was in all points pre-eminently the man to succeed with Irishmen. His princely hospitality; his taste for pageantry, at once elegant and splendid; the fame of his "tournament" with its eccentric magnificence; his renown, altogether spotless, upon the turf; his love of athletic sports; even his commanding and powerful frame, and handsome and kindly features, were sure to gain him, on this side of the Channel, a favourable hearing, and at least a fair trial. He possessed, beside the undefinable dignity of pure blood and ancient lineage—so highly prized in Ireland—an ancestry traced back to the Conquest, sung in the bardic minstrelsy, and famed in the Fendal history of Scotland. But the spell of his power lay not in these. His honour was the secret of his success. He was utterly incapable of chicanery or prevarication. Every word he spoke was altogether true, and he had hardly occupied the Castle of Dublin for a week, when Irishmen felt, with a common intuition, that their new viceroy was a gentleman of that ideal standard which belongs rather to the exalted regions of poetry and traditions of chivalry than to the experiences of actual life. Thoroughly pure, guileless, and true, sagacious and anstutely laborious, just but kind, intrepid but gentle, the Earl of Eglington presents about as fine an image of nobility as human nature can well be expected to yield. His immense popularity, and the success of his administration, finally disposed of the unworthy axiom that the Government of Ireland is properly a diplomatic office. It was precisely because he had the masculine good sense to scout that theory, and cherished an implacable antipathy to everything resembling duplicity or cajolery, that he seized at once upon the sympathies and the confidence of the country, and retained his hold upon them to the last.

The Rev. Isaac Williams has a volume, nearly ready, on "The Beginning of the Book of Genesis," with notes and reflections. It will be published by Messrs. Rivingtons, in a style uniform with the author's "Harmony and Commentary on the Gospels."

Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish in November Mr. T. Colly Grattan's new work, in two volumes, entitled "Literary and Political Recollections and Sketches." Like Mr. Grattan's last work on "Civilised America," we may expect to find in this many things we all desire to know, told in a quiet and effective style.

"The Poet Close," whose career and merits the *Critic* was the first to trace and expose, has threatened to raise an action for damages for libel against that publication.

The ninth of Macmillan's "Tracts for Priests and People" will consist of a Lay Dialogue, by Mr. J. M. Ludlow, on "Dissent from, and Dissent in the Church," and an article by the Rev. Francis Garden on "The Creeds."

It is said that the story of the alleged quarrel between Mrs. Piozzi and Dr. Johnson will receive some new light from fresh matter which will be included in the second edition of that lady's "Autobiography," &c. A selection from her marginal notes in books is also promised. We have seen an annotated "Wraxall's Memoirs," the notes in her well-known clear handwriting, but we fancy that these will not be contained in the forthcoming edition.

A comedy by Lady Dufferin will, it is said, be shortly produced at the St. James's Theatre.

The German papers have lately been publishing an inventory of all the early possessions left behind him by poor Mozart, and of which his widow had to give account to his creditors. The list is a mournfully meagre one. Among the musical MSS. left was the score of "Le Diable à Quatre," by Gluck—whether opera or ballet is not specified. This is not mentioned in the biography of Schmid.

During the present month Messrs. Longman and Co. will publish "A Narrative of the China War of 1860," by Lieutenant-Colonel Wolseley, Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General to the Expeditionary Force, to be illustrated with a portrait of Lieutenant-General Sir J. Hope Grant.

Mr. Wiltshire Stanton Austin, of the Parliamentary bar, and late of Exeter College, Oxford, is preparing a work with Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, which may be expected during the winter. Mr. Austin is well known in London as an eloquent orator, and the public will be glad to hear that he has made arrangements to deliver a course of six historical and biographical lectures in the North of England, previous to the new year of 1862.

The article on "Plutarch" in the new number of the *Quarterly* has been written by Mr. James Hanway, the editor of the *Edinburgh Courant*, and author of "Eustace Conyers" and "Singleton Fontenoy," &c., &c.

Mr. Bentley is preparing a third volume of Mr. Timbs' descriptive lives of Swift, Steele, Sheridan, Porson, Sydney Smith, &c., &c.

There is a chance of our having at last a life of Cavour which shall exceed Mr. Dicey's memoir, and cast all the scissors-and-paste works into the shade. Mr. Devey, known as a writer for the *Quarterly*, has been staying at Turin and Florence, where he has been furnished with ample biographical material by the count's family, and where Sir James Hudson, Baron Riesoli, and other intimate friends of Cavour, have given him willing aid. A great feature in the book will be a chapter written by Fra Giacomo, Cavour's confessor.

UNIVERSITY MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.—The committee of the united universities' "Mission to Central Africa" have just published their first report. This mission has for its object the spiritual and temporal welfare of those tribes in Central Africa in which Englishmen have become so deeply interested after the publication of Dr. Livingstone's work detailing the discoveries and impressions which resulted from his adventurous and enterprising travels.

Notes

ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."—As You Like It.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

FECHTER'S "OTHELLO."

WITH the strongest disposition to think and speak kindly of M. Fechter, we are compelled to acknowledge that his representation of *Othello* is, upon the whole, a great failure. It cannot be said of this foreign actor that he has not had fair play in this country. He has been most generously welcomed, both by the community and the critics. In fact, to speak the plain truth, he has been most extravagantly overrated. It is an error, however, on the right side. It is better that he should be too much praised than too much censured; and, for our own part, if he had been less generously received by our countrymen we should have tried our best to make him some amends. We should have been "to his faults a little blind, and to his virtues very kind." But, as laurel wreaths have been so lavishly showered upon him—as he is supported by such an overwhelming majority of votes from crowded audiences and the multitudinous gentlemen of the press—he can well afford to listen with patience to the less flattering decisions of a small minority. We shall express ourselves, therefore, on this occasion without reserve; for though we duly appreciate the feeling with which the British public have welcomed a stranger to our stage, we now think that feeling has been carried to an excess that involves an injustice to our own actors, and is inconsistent with the national reverence for Shakespeare himself.

We commenced life long enough ago to have seen the elder Kean in the part of *Othello*, and we quite agreed with Hazlitt that it was not only that great actor's noblest performance, but the highest effort of genius on the British stage. We have seen nothing equal to it since. The younger Kean has, indeed, inherited some portion of his father's genius, and has studied our great national dramatist in a more "learned spirit," but he has never so electrified his audiences, or carried away their hearts and minds with such overwhelming floods of passion. Yet the second Kean is no ordinary actor, and in some of his father's favourite parts he has, perhaps, not one living superior. He is truly excellent—wondrously so, indeed, in some of the finest passages—to those who have never seen Kean the first. There was no slight self-confidence required in M. Fechter, a foreigner, to contest the palm with Charles Kean both as an actor and a stage reformer, and on the very same boards, too, on which that popular tragedian has so lately distinguished himself in both capacities. We certainly cannot admit that M. Fechter's success is equal to his courage. In spite of his German name, he is, we believe, a Frenchman by birth and education; and though he has studied our language with great care, he sadly Frenchifies it in the delivery. There is something, too, more French than English in his interpretation of the text of Shakespeare. We really believe that no Englishman would have fallen into the egregious mistake of M. Fechter when, in the chamber scene of "Othello," having a small hand-glass in readiness for the purpose, and thinking more of his own face than of Desdemona's, or of the dread task that he had determined to perform, he contemplated his dark complexion—the shadowed livery of the burnished sun—and jumped at once to the conclusion that the colour of his skin was the true cause of her supposed infidelity. The mistake is not only an injustice to Desdemona, who saw *Othello's* visage in his mind, and who had eyes, as he himself says, and chose him, but is a ludicrous proof of M. Fechter's presumption in undertaking to teach the English people the true reading of the text of their great national poet. Shakespeare reconciles the mistaken but noble-natured *Othello* to the performance of an act which, in England, is punished by an ignominious elevation upon the gallows, by the self-persuasion that he is but the instrument of justice—that the act is not to be regarded as a *murder* but as a sacrifice. To nerve his heart and arm he calls upon his *soul* to remember the cause—(namely, lustful infidelity)—

"Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars!

"It is the cause."

M. Fechter seems most ignorantly and most absurdly to suppose that the colour of *Othello's* skin is the subject not to be mentioned to the chaste stars! The bear meaning is obvious enough:—If I did not (thinks *Othello*) bear in mind her monstrous wickedness (not in preferring a *white* man to a *black* one, but in an adulterous connection without reference to the colour either of her husband or her paramour) I could not bring myself to destroy that loveliest of human creatures—"the cunningest pattern of excelling nature." M. Fechter is not satisfied with one look at his face in the hand-glass before he commences his soliloquy, but after the first line of it—

"It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!"

he interrupts the delivery to cross the whole length of the stage to address the stars from a window!—one of the inconvenient results of misplacing the lady's bed.

"Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars."

Turning from the stars, he takes another look at his own face, repeats the exclamation—"It is the cause!" and violently flings away the glass, as if he were as petulantly angry with it as a vain, weak, ugly woman, to whom it may have told an unpleasant truth. The soliloquy in the bed-chamber was wretchedly delivered, with a sad deficiency of all force of feeling, and the most deplorable errors of accent, emphasis, and inflection. Such errors were so numerous throughout that we should only weary our readers by particularising them, though we shall be ready enough on a future occasion to furnish abundant examples if called upon to do so. These errors, added to the foreign pronunciation, and the fact that M. Fechter delivers the most musical passages of the most musical versifier in the world without the slightest feeling of metrical harmony, produce altogether so strange an effect—so prosy the most poetical of poets—and present our darling Shakespeare under such extraordinary disadvantages—that we really wonder how any English audience, idolising that pride of the British Isles, can sit out the entire performance with patience and good humour.

In the course of a long experience as a dramatic critic we never heard the famous address of *Othello* to the Senate so coldly and inelegantly delivered. In fact, "t'was pitiful! 'twas wondrous pitiful;" and it was really a great relief to us when even the subordinate actors had to take their parts—for they at least made Shakespeare an English writer, and did not

elongate and shake his vowels. Mr. Ryder, especially, in the part of *Iago*, was careful, accurate, and distinct in his enunciation, and made only two or three mistakes of emphasis—such as in "You are one of those that will not serve God if the Devil bid you;" where, instead of placing the stress on the word *Devil*, he placed it on the word *bid*. We observed, too, that instead of attending to the significant pause in "You are—a senator," he read it off at once, without attending to the dash, so that the whole point was lost. But his general conception of the part of *Iago* was true, and the execution excellent.

M. Fechter's *Othello* had not the savage dignity of the fiery and impetuous Moor that Shakespeare drew; he was familiar to vulgarity, and so much did this actor misconceive his part, that, in the speech to the Senate, he represented *Othello* (to use M. Fechter's own words in his acting edition of the play) as bowing to the *Senators* to appear them by action—was ever anything more unspeakably absurd! And then, in acknowledging that he had married *Desdemona*, he turns to *Brabantio* "with tender courtesy!" It is as well to quote the passage, with M. Fechter's notes, intended to instruct English actors in the representation and meaning of Shakespeare's text—

Duke.—(Anxiously to *Othello*.)—What, on your own part can you say to this?

Brabantio.—Nothing, but this is so. (Murmur in the Senate.)

Othello.—(Boiling, and appealing them by action.)

Most potent, grave, and reverend signs;

My very noble and approved good masters;

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true.—(fresh murmur)—true I have married her;

(To *Brabantio*, with tender courtesy.)

The very head and front of my offending,

Hath this—(to the Senate) this extent!—(with passion, on the mute denial of *B. abanio*) no more!

(*Brabantio* rises in anger; they regard each other with menace. Several members rise simultaneously; *Othello* is at once calm, and submits to the Council.)

M. Fechter must have been thinking of the tumultuous French Chamber of Deputies, and not of the grave and reverend Senate of Venice. Can anything be more fantastical and impudent—more nonsensical, indeed, than the breaks in the last line and the interruption, or "mute denial," which the stage reformer has attributed to *Brabantio*? Our French guide makes *Othello*, in the last scene, seize *Iago*, a helpless prisoner with his hands tied behind him, as if he were going to poignard him, and then turn the weapon upon himself. What a poor trick or claptrap is this! How unworthy of the noble Moor! What possible motive could be attributed to him for so unnecessary an artifice? But this is the way in which a French actor improves the text of Shakespeare, and corrects our Kceans and Kembles. We cheerfully admit that M. Fechter gave a few points in the famous third act very effectively, indeed; but that part of the play is so essentially dramatic that it almost acts itself. In such marvellously true and animated passages as that act abounds in, even a very ordinary actor may move an audience. We never knew the third act of "Othello" go off heavily in any theatre. In the passage—

Iago.—I see this has a little dashed your spirits.

Othello.—Not a jot, not a jot!

M. Fechter was peculiarly successful; but the effect even here was partially spoilt by his omitting the second three words, for the repetition is most natural and significant.

With the exception of the leading part, this noble drama was strongly cast. Mr. Ryder, as *Iago*, has agreeably surprised his best friends. Mr. Potter's *Brabantio* was a very satisfactory performance; and Mr. Jordan, the new American actor, made a very good *Cassio*, being particularly successful in the drinking scene. His drunkenness was natural and humorous. Miss Carlotta Leclerc was a gentle and interesting *Desdemona*, and delivered the pathetic passages very truthfully and gracefully. Miss Elsworthy's *Emilia* had all the requisite energy and spirit. Mr. Shore's *Roderigo* was praiseworthy, but would have been better if he had been a little more lively and demonstrative. The new stage arrangements (M. Fechter's, we believe) are, in some instances, very admirable; and the scenery is truly beautiful. The storm scene at Cyprus is a splendid picture; but the representations of ships and waves, with the elements in commotion, do not seem to be contemplated by an audience who have time to observe that everything is stationary; and a scene of tempest and danger was not in harmony with the easy and lively converse between *Iago* and *Desdemona* upon the characters of women. It is true that M. Fechter's stage direction informs us that the storm is gradually abating; but the fixed canvas exhibits no dissolving views. The storm did not abate at M. Fechter's desire.

The house was most densely crowded, and the audience were apparently far more satisfied with M. Fechter than we were. But the partial testimony of the press has, for a time, perhaps, biased the public judgment.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

BROOKE'S "OTHELLO."

MR. G. V. BROOKE, who has returned from Australia after an absence of eight years, reappeared at this theatre on Monday last in the character of *Othello*. We had never seen this actor before, and felt rather curious to discover whether Australian criticism, of which we had read some specimens, had justly characterised him. We must confess that he has greatly disappointed our expectations. Mr. Brooke's *Othello* is as much too violent as M. Fechter's is too tame. It may be thought that Mr. Brooke's faulty extreme would be less offensive because less out of keeping with the part than M. Fechter's; but yet a critic of any refinement could hardly fail to observe in the performance of the Frenchman, in spite of all its defects, the traces of meditation and study, and an air of coarseness and vulgarity in the performance of the Anglo-Australian actor.

It is evident that Mr. Brooke's powers are best suited to the personation of highly melodramatic parts, and that he is quite incapable of giving all those nice shades of feeling, and those slight and subtle indications of profound thought, which so many of Shakespeare's noblest characters demand from their representatives on the stage. Mr. Brooke trusts too much to his strong lungs and stalwart figure. He rants and roars in passages which would be infinitely more effective if delivered in a lower key. In the speech to the Senate, when he came to the allusion to *Brabantio's* allegation that his daughter had been corrupted by spells and medicines bought of mountebanks—

What drugs, what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,

(For such proceedings I am charged withal,

I won his daughter with—

he was loud and furious when he ought to have been calmly and smilingly ironical, in his perfect consciousness of the frivolity and utter groundlessness of the charge.

His delivery of the famous farewell to the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war was an attempt to assume a more subdued style; but *gentleness* is not natural to him, and his repeated "farewells" were low, querulous, unmanly intonations, that came with a ludicrous effect from a bulky chest and a rough voice. Mr. Brooke, however, was better dressed, and looked the part better than M. Fechter, and we doubt not that he is more likely to please the multitude, especially if the press will support him as warmly as it has supported M. Fechter. We observed that the more he raised his voice and the more he ranted, the more he was encouraged by clapping of hands and kickings upon the floors. It is no wonder that actors think more of the audience than of their parts, and condescend to all sorts of stage tricks and claptraps when they find how easy it is by such means to bring down peals of applauding thunder.

AW AND POLICE.

THE WESTMINSTER MURDER.—The prisoner, *William Moneypenny*, who was convicted at the September sessions of the murder of his wife, but who has since been respite, still remains in Newgate, and the Government has not yet come to any decision as to his ultimate fate. The only ground, it appears, upon which the respite was sent for the prisoner, was that the jury recommended him to mercy, because they said they believed that the act was committed under the influence of some sudden quarrel between the prisoner and his wife. The prisoner, it appears, still continues to assert that he was not guilty of destroying his wife, and that she destroyed herself; but at the same time his demeanour evidently evinces a feeling that he has had a narrow escape. As the terms of the respite are that it is to be during Her Majesty's pleasure, there is now no chance of the capital punishment being inflicted, but it is expected that the sentence will be commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

DARING SACRILEGE AND DESECRATION.—On Saturday last some miscreants broke into Christ's Church, Blackfriar's road, and it is supposed, annoyed at not obtaining any plunder, the poor boxes having been emptied of their contents, and the communion plate removed the previous day, they drank all the wine in the vestry, desecrated the baptismal font, and committed the most disgusting acts in the church. The Rev. Mr. Brown, the rector, in conjunction with the churchwardens of the parish, has offered a large reward for their discovery.

ROBBERY OF £2,500.—On Monday, the 7th inst., an English cattle-dealer attending Falkirk Tryst, which he had visited for a series of years, was accosted by a woman, who was accompanied by a young man, and robbed of a pocket-book containing £2,525 in drafts and bank notes. A description of the parties being given to the northern police, they were recognized as *Thomas Cox, alias John Jones, alias Charles Luke-man*, aged about 29, and *Mary Ann Jones, alias Jane Ross* or Cox, about 28 years of age; and it was ascertained that they left Glasgow for England by the Caledonian Railway on the Wednesday night following the robbery. A reward of £50 was offered for their apprehension, and detective Brown started on their track. That officer spent eight days in London, but failed to discover the fugitives. He returned to Scotland, and ascertained that £235 had been deposited at two of the Edinburgh banks. A fresh clue was obtained, the thieves were clearly traced from Edinburgh to London, and thence to Southampton, to which place detective Brown pursued, and succeeded in arresting the suspected persons. The prisoners were conveyed to Falkirk on Monday.

SHOCKING SUICIDE OF A LIEUTENANT.—On Saturday morning Mr. Bedford, the Westminster Coroner, held an investigation of a painful nature into the frightful circumstances attending the death of Lieutenant Charles Blaydes, recruiting in her Majesty's service, at the residence of the deceased gentleman, 72, Cumberland-street, Pimlico. John Paynter, who was the first witness examined, deposed that a few days since he was engaged as an attendant on the deceased, who was suffering from mental derangement. On last Tuesday evening, at eleven o'clock, the lieutenant requested him to leave him alone in his chamber for a few minutes. Witness complied with his request, but re-entered the room a little quicker than deceased expected, and was startled by observing him in the act of springing from the window into the street. Witness rushed forward in time to seize him by the coat, but unfortunately the coat was not strong enough to hold him back, and the hapless gentleman threw himself with fearful violence upon the pavement in the carriage-way, three stories below, fracturing several of his limbs, and receiving other injuries of a frightful character, which caused instantaneous death. The jury returned a verdict of suicide while in a state of unsound mind.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.—On Friday night, about eleven o'clock, a daring highway robbery, accompanied with great violence, was committed near the village of Trowell, a lonely spot, about six miles from Nottingham. On the evening of the robbery a farmer, named Thomas Smith, of Little Hallam, went to the village of Basford, three miles from Nottingham, for the purpose of buying a horse. On his way home he called at a public-house at Trowell, and stayed there about an hour and a-half, and whilst in the tap-room he mentioned the fact that he had been to buy a horse, but had not completed the purchase. Two men of suspicious appearance were in the company, and left the house a short time before Mr. Smith. The landlady mentioned her suspicions to the farmer that the men meditated robbing him, and when Smith left her house she gave him a thick stick to protect himself with if requisite. In less than an hour the farmer returned to the public-house, his face and clothes being covered with blood. His head was frightfully bruised, as also was his face. Other parts of his body were much injured, but he had sufficient strength to say that the two men whom the landlady had suspected had met him on the road. One of them had knocked him down with a rail, and otherwise ill-treated him, and had stolen his pocket-book, containing £25. A surgeon was immediately sent for, and information of the occurrence was given to the police. Two men named Henry Gordon and Samuel Thompson, who were identified as being the parties drinking at the public-house, were apprehended on Saturday. The prisoners appear about twenty-five years of age, and follow no regular employment.

CHARGE OF FORGERY AGAINST A SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.—Much excitement has been occasioned at Epworth, owing to

the rumour that Mr. Henry Tooms, who has long held the office of superintendent of police there, had absconded, and that a charge of forgery was hanging over him. Mr. Tooms, it appears, went away on the 15th instant. Such information was given to Captain Bicknell, the chief constable of Lincoln, as to induce that officer to take out a warrant for his apprehension, on a charge of forgery.

A WOMAN CRUSHED TO DEATH.—On Monday evening great excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood of the Adelphi Theatre, in consequence of its being rumoured that a female, while in the crowd, waiting to obtain ingress to that place of amusement, to see the *Colleen Bawn*, had been crushed to death, and that, on inquiry, was found to be true. It appears that the deceased, whose name is Anne Burrowes, and who lived at No. 7, Warren-street, Pimlico, went with her sister to the above theatre, intending to go in by the entrance in Bullen-court, Strand. On the door being opened a general move took place of those assembled, and, as usual, so violent was the pushing, that deceased suddenly, from exhaustion, was observed to fall to the ground, when, notwithstanding the alarm immediately given by those near her, before she was extricated several persons had passed over her. Police-constable Marsh, 103 F, with assistance, conveyed the poor creature to the Charing-cross Hospital, where Mr. Travers, house-surgeon, pronounced her to be dead. The body awaits an inquest.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A FEMALE IN A DITCH.—Mr. C. J. Carttar, coroner for West Kent, held an inquest on Tuesday at the Garrick's Head, Deptford, on the body of Elizabeth Carter, aged 56, who was found dead in a ditch. The deceased, it appears, was the wife of a labouring man, residing at 2, Chapel-place, Garlick-hill, Thame-street, City. On Thursday night last she left the house, promising to return in a few minutes. No tidings were gleaned of her until Saturday evening, when it was ascertained that her lifeless body had been discovered in a ditch belonging to market gardens, near the Surrey Canal, at Deptford. Neither the dress nor body of deceased presented any appearances of foul treatment, but a brother of the deceased stated, in answer to a question by the coroner, that her twin sister committed suicide eighteen years ago, by throwing herself into the Surrey Canal. The jury, under the advice of the coroner, returned an open verdict of found drowned.

A CLERGYMAN IN DISTRESS.—On Friday last, at the police-court of Fenton, Stoke-upon-Trent, a person styling himself the Rev. C. B. Broadley, LL.D., of Hunter-street, London, a clergyman of the Established Church, was charged with vagrancy, and was remanded to allow inquiries to be made respecting him and the writers of some of the numerous letters found on him. On Saturday the Rev. Sir L. T. Stamer, Bart., Rector of Stoke-upon-Trent, having heard of the case, visited the defendant at the police-station, discovered in him an old acquaintance, having known him at Cambridge University, where Mr. Broadley formerly held an important official position. The unfortunate clergyman's statement being thus substantiated he was released from custody on entering into his own recognizances to appear before the magistrates if they should require it according to the remand, and Sir Lovelace has kindly afforded him shelter for the present.

MURDER NEAR TUAM.—We regret we have to record a fearful murder which took place within one mile of Tuam, on the Guarranes-road, near Oakmount, on the night of the sheep fair (21st inst.). A poor man named James Healy, from Aghlosk, while returning from the fair in company with his wife and some friends, was waylaid on the road, knocked down, and beaten with sheep crooks, by two men named Pat and Denis Mullin, of Gallagher, and received such injuries that he died the next day. Drs. Turner and Dwyer were in attendance early on the unfortunate man, but human aid was of no avail. Mr. Redmond, our worthy and estimable R.M., with Mr. Raleigh, S.I., and Mr. Gannon, C.P.S., visited the dying man; informations were promptly taken, and warrants placed in the hands of head-constable Scott, and the accused party were soon after arrested and committed to Bridewell. An inquest was held by A. Hosty, Esq., coroner, and the following verdict was returned:—"That on the night of the 21st Oct., in the year aforesaid, on the public road, on the towland of Forty Acres, in the parish of Tuam, and county of Galway, the said James Healy received mortal wounds on his head, causing compression of the brain, all of which were caused by several blows of a shepherd's crook, which were inflicted by Patrick Mullin and Denis Mullin, the prisoners now in custody before us; and that the said James Healy languished and died of the said mortal wounds, and compression of the brain, at Sliedarragh, in the parish of Dunmore, and county of Galway, on the 22nd day of October, in the year aforesaid." It is seldom, indeed, this peaceful portion of the country has been stained by so foul and fearful a crime as that just narrated. We understand the parties were all under the influence of liquor at the time of the perpetration of the horrid outrage. The unfortunate deceased has left a widow and youthful family. The accused are brothers, both young and unmarried. They made no efforts to escape. Their father, who accompanied them, is also in custody.

BIGAMY OF A LADY.—An extraordinary charge of bigamy was partly heard at the Bow-street Police-court on Tuesday. The defendant in the case was *Barbara Catherine Wilson*, the wife of a gentleman of property. It was alleged by the prosecution that this lady had previously married one Jonathan Gotobed, who was still living. Some evidence, sufficient, in the magistrate's judgment, to justify a remand, having been given, the further hearing of the case was adjourned till the 11th of November, and the defendant was liberated on bail, two sureties of £25 each being accepted.

PENALTY FOR KISSING A LADY.—On Friday morning, the magistrates of the police-court, Bristol, inflicted a fine of £5 and costs upon a gentleman of London, for kissing a lady of Cheltenham, as they were journeying from Gloucester to Bristol, on the Midland Railway; the lady and gentleman being the only occupants of one of the compartments of a first-class carriage. The name of the gentleman is Frederick Layton; that of the lady is Mrs. Elizabeth Rebecca Martin, the wife of Mr. Henry D. Martin, of Cheltenham; and the allegation was, that he had suddenly placed his arm round her neck and given her two kisses. She gave him in charge on the arrival of the train at Bristol. His solicitor tendered an ample apology; but the magistrate imposed the full penalty of £5 and costs, or in default two months' imprisonment. The money was paid.

THE DUBLIN OUTRAGE.—The trial of *John Curran*, the cabman, for an assault on Miss Jolly (noticed and illustrated in the last number of the "ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS") began

last week and continued till Wednesday, this week, in the presence of an immense concourse of hearers. At the time we went to press the verdict of the jury had not been given. The defence for John Curran was ably and eloquently undertaken by Mr. Sidney. He said that the night on which the assault took place was dark, was stormy, was raining; the weather was tempestuous. To consider the manner and the circumstances under which this identification took place, the jury had to ask themselves if they were satisfied that it was so unmistakable, so conclusive, the reasons so irresistible, as to coerce them to act on the statement of Miss Jolly. She might have been mistaken in her identification. She might have been led to her conclusions on shadowy grounds; she had various causes for warping this judgment. She had gained by her manner, by her modesty of deportment, ay, and by the wrongs inflicted on her, she won the golden opinions of every man in the country, and if they convicted the accused, innocent persons would suffer, and he asked them, through him, to give a patient hearing to this case. It was said "justice required a victim." Justice required no victim; justice would rather that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer. All he asked the jury to do was to give a verdict satisfactory to their consciences—a verdict that coincided with the monitors in their own hearts.

THE PRINCE CONSORT AT EDINBURGH.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 57.)

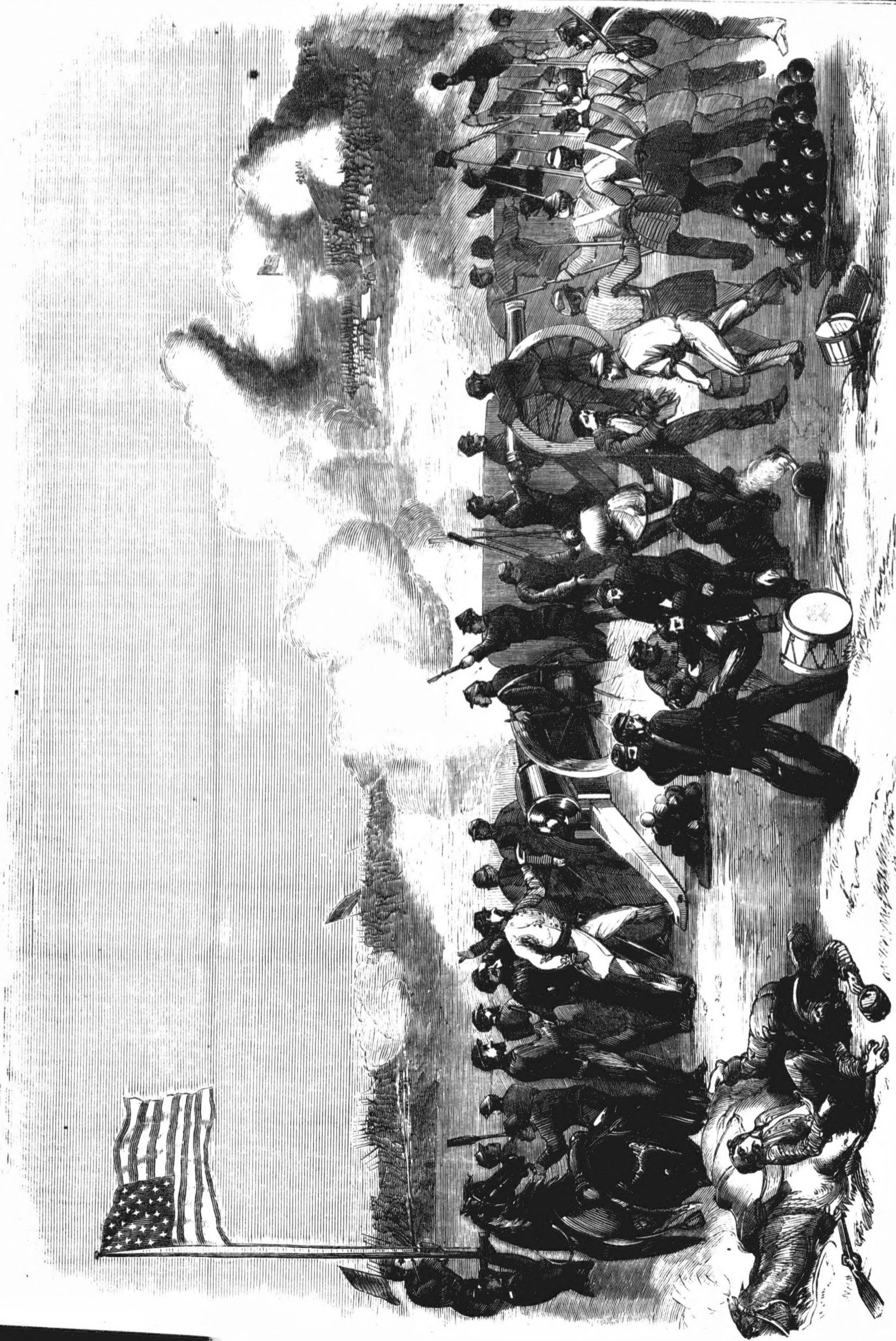
SCOTLAND has of late been quickly accumulating in Edinburgh—the storehouse of her public treasures—some of the crowning fruits of a happy and prosperous Union. Through the aid of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Wilson, she succeeded in getting together her pictures into a fitting National Gallery. Of this she is justly proud. And now, on Wednesday last, the Prince Consort laid the foundation-stone of buildings that are to be devoted to art and industry. A century ago, the London mail arrived in Edinburgh with, on one occasion, only one letter. A wonderful change has passed over it since then. It has been found that the old Post-office was useless for the immense increase of work in the postal service. A new building is to be erected in the Venetian style, and on the 23rd inst. the Prince presided at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone for that as well as for a new Industrial Museum, for the completion of which some 2,000 specimens are waiting to be fitly shrined.

The Prince Consort left Holyrood Palace at twenty minutes past one, accompanied by Sir George Grey, the Duke of Buccleuch, General Walker, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland; Colonel Maclean, Major Hyde Page, and Earl Spencer. The Royal *cortege* was preceded by the Lord Provost, and as the carriages passed along the Regent-road and Waterloo-place, accompanied by the band of the Scots Greys, his Royal Highness was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the assembled crowd. On arriving at the Register House, his Royal Highness received a number of noblemen and gentlemen who were to take part in the ceremony, and proceeded across the street to the site of the Post-office, accompanied by the Lord Provost, magistrates, and council, the Lords of Session, the members for the city, and other gentlemen who had been presented to his Royal Highness. The procession having taken their allotted positions round the stone, the Lord Provost of the city presented an address to the Prince Consort, congratulating his Royal Highness on the safe arrival of her Majesty and the Royal Family in that city, and thanking him for his presence on that occasion. The Prince Consort, in reply, congratulated the citizens of Edinburgh on the acquisition of two such important buildings as it was now proposed to erect, and expressed his satisfaction at the increased facilities of communication by letter which had rendered necessary the erection of a new Post-office; and that the fact that the advantages of speed and regularity in such communications, which were once the exclusive privilege (though to a much less extent, even as regarded them,) of the higher and middle classes, had now, thanks to the marvellous development of the Post-office system, been brought within the reach of the poorest; while another great boon had been conferred upon all classes by the facilities afforded for the safe transmission of money by means of Post-office orders—thus constituting the Post-office, as it were, a universal banking agency, resting on the security of the State, and brought to every man's very door. His Royal Highness also expressed his hope that the recent act of legislation with regard to savings' banks in connection with the Post-office would confer further and most important benefits on the working classes. After congratulating the citizens on the extension to Edinburgh of the advantages already possessed by London and Dublin in the erection of an Industrial Museum, the Prince Consort concluded by expressing his thanks for an allusion in the address to the part he took in the International Exhibition of 1851, and remarking that the best acknowledgment which the promoters of that undertaking could receive was the practical proof afforded by its repetition in 1862 that they had correctly understood and appreciated the wants and requirements of the day.

The foundation stone was then laid in the usual form, amidst loud cheering, and the proceedings terminated with three cheers for the undertaking, and three cheers for her Majesty and the Prince Consort. Her Majesty was not present at the ceremony, having visited the Botanic Gardens in the afternoon; but Prince Leopold, and two of the younger princes, occupied a room in the Register House, from which a view of the proceedings could be obtained.

The weather was extremely favourable, and business was completely suspended in the city during the double ceremony. The route from Holyrood Palace to the site of the Post-Office, immediately opposite the Register House, was lined by the military and several companies of volunteers, as were also the route along the North and South Bridges to the site of the Industrial Museum at the back of the university. The principal streets were gaily decorated with flags, and, besides the crowds who occupied the two platforms from which a view of the ceremonies could be obtained, the streets were densely thronged with spectators, although thousands could only obtain a view of the carriages forming the procession as they passed along.

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort passed through town on Friday from Gopsall Hall, Earl Howe's seat in Leicestershire, to Southampton, at which port the duke and duchess will embark for Gibraltar. It is the intention of the noble duke and duchess to pass the winter on "the Rock."



THE AMERICAN WAR—BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.
(SEE PAGE 59.)

Nov. 2, 1831.

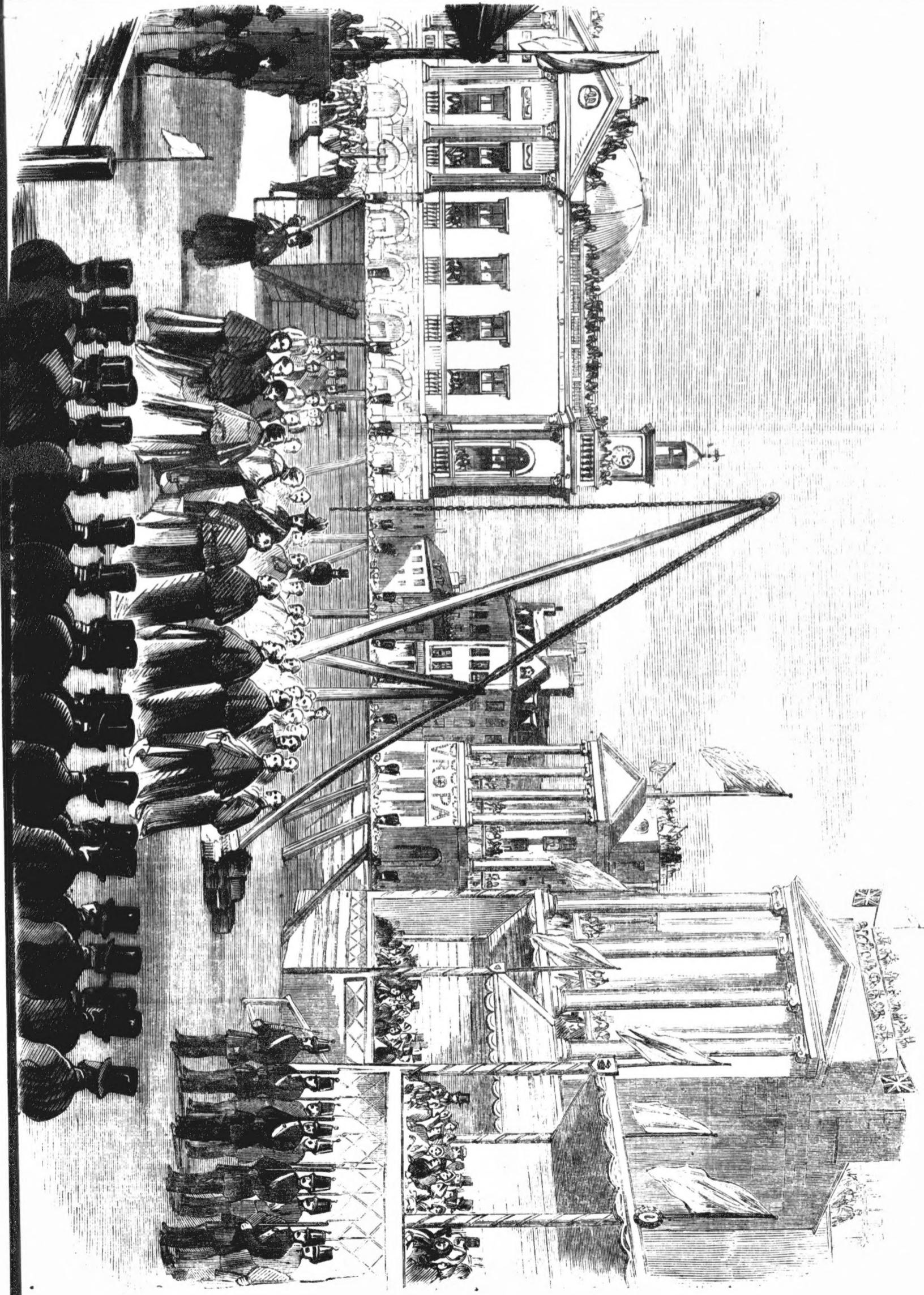


THE AMERICAN WAR—BATTLE OF LEXINGTON. (SEE PAGE 59.)

Nov. 2, 1861.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We were highly gratified by H. W. B.'s complimentary letter on the subject of the critical notice in our last of Kean, Fechter, and Phelps. We have received other encouragement to be strictly honest and fair in our critical notices. We could hardly, with any show of modesty, print H. W. B.'s epistle; but are flattered by his good opinion, and thank him for his good wishes.

We thank J. J. for a very acceptable communication.

H. J.—We could not have noticed either of the books in the present number. They reached us too late.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish to have noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed "to the Editor of the 'Illustrated Weekly News,' 13, Catherine-street, Strand, London."

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

If the King of Prussia desires the sympathies of England and the friends of Constitutional Government, he has not gone the right way to work to attain that object. If, in his secret soul, he really thinks that God has more to do with kings than with their subjects—that men struggling to overthrow the thrones of tyrants are agents of Satan, and all kings the favourites of heaven, he should have kept so unpopular an opinion to himself, and not have exposed himself to the derision and contempt of the vast majority of thinkers, who hold that all men are equal in the eyes of God, and that, speaking humanly, kings are kings by the choice or sufferance of their fellow-creatures. The English people, since the Revolution of 1688, regard a king as only a highly-salaried chief magistrate. They can elect either a family or an individual at their pleasure, for the honours, privileges, and duties of Royalty. The Prince of Orange was elected King of England, as Sir James Mackintosh observes, in contempt of the claims, not only of the exiled monarch and his son, but of the Princesses Mary and Anne—the undisputed progeny of James II. Thus the right of deviating from the principle of hereditary succession was established beyond all dispute. The House of Hanover owes the Crown of England to the choice of the people; and Dr. Price no longer shocks even Liberal Conservatives by his assertion that we have a right to choose our own governors, to cashier them for misconduct, and to frame a government for ourselves. We have recognised the same right in the people of Italy; and even the sagacious and wary Napoleon the Third when he called himself Sovereign by the grace of God, took care to add *and the national will*, which is like Cromwell's advice to his soldiers, to trust in God and keep their powder dry.

Nothing can happen without the consent of God; but we are not therefore to conclude that everything has his sanction or approval, or that a cruel and wicked king has a right divine to govern wrong, and that a true patriot or a united people have no right to resist or get rid of him. If a king be irresponsible to man—if he rule by right divine—his subjects have of course no more right to oppose his wishes or check his conduct than to oppose God himself. So a king might amuse himself as some French king once did, with taking shots at his people as they pass his palace—killing them with the same gusto with which sportsmen knock down beasts of prey. It is observable that the Tory recognition of the divine right of kings is limited to the great European monarchies. The countless little petty kings of barbarous and petty States do not seem quite so sacred. The naked kings of the Marquesas Islands would perhaps hardly have their divine claims acknowledged by English Tories. Like all prejudiced and one-sided reasoners, the Tories keep clear of definitions, and will not explain what sort of kings are directly appointed by God to reign over their fellow men with irresponsible power, or when, if ever, it is lawful for thirty millions of people to set up their will against that of a single individual.

MANY of M. Guizot's admirers in this country will be grieved to hear that in his last work, *L'Eglise et la Société Chrétienne* in 1861, he has given so great a triumph to Roman Catholicism, by evincing a strong inclination to embrace that religion, though he was brought up from his infancy as a Protestant. A French Roman Catholic paper, the *Monde*, observes, that M. Guizot refuses now to belong altogether to Protestantism—"he avoids as much as he can the consequences of his immense error." The *Monde* alludes also to "the natural intolerance of his fellow Protestants." It is sometimes both amusing and instructive to contemplate both sides of a picture. To an English Protestant familiar with the history of Roman Catholic Inquisitions and Papal suppressions of all free discussion, the complaint of "the national intolerance" of Protestants, and the talk about a man like M. Guizot struggling to emancipate himself from the trammels of Protestant bigotry, and to become "a living soul of liberty," is something strange indeed. Liberality of feeling, and intellectual and religious freedom, it seems, are all on the side of a creed which makes one fallible human being think and decide for countless millions of his fellow-creatures on the most important questions that can interest the human race; and there is no living soul at liberty amongst the people who protest against the sale of indulgences, and insist upon the Word of God being laid open to all men! It will not, we fear, be very easy to convince the British

nation of "the immense error" of their religion, or to persuade them that Papists are naturally more liberal than Protestants

M. Guizot declares that Christianity will be endangered if Rome be incorporated with Italy. He seems to think society cannot maintain its faith in God if it doubts the infallibility of the Pope; and yet he still calls himself a Protestant. We are not, or ought not to be surprised that this inconsistent personage was a weak statesman, and led his master, Louis Philippe, into measures which ended in driving both the king and his Minister into exile.

THE Tories during the week past have been doing their best to make a demonstration of their existence and their strength as a party. But it won't do. They are conscious that public feeling is against them, and even Mr. Du Cane at the great annual gathering of Essex Tories which took place last Friday week at Castle Hedingham acknowledged that he had "no wish to see a Conservative Government again prematurely restored to office." Lord Derby and Mr. D'Israeli have expressed a similar feeling. They are content to leave the loaves and fishes of office in the hands of the Liberals. The grapes are sour. But what is meant by *prematurely*? Does Mr. Du Cane really think that the grapes will ever again ripen for Tory hands? If ever the Tories get into power again it must be by the grossest mismanagement and most suicidal conduct of the liberal party; and even then we should have a change of men only and not of measures; for the only way in which a Tory minister can now hold the reins of power, is by driving along the tram-way of liberalism. The Tory party, therefore, as far as their leading principles are involved, is positively extinct and has no chance of resuscitation. Their talk of "prematurity" is absurd. Let them not lay the flatteringunction to their souls, that their day of revival is but postponed a little. They have read history to little purpose if they think the cause of liberalism in England, like a crab, can go backwards. Has the country ever regretted the passing of a single liberal measure? Have not all Tory doctrines been more and more scouted, just as knowledge and liberty have advanced? Major Beresford speaks of "the horrible reform mania." In the horrible Reform mania of 1832, the frightened and disgusted Tories predicted that if the great Reform Bill passed into law England would be a Republic; that before the reformed House of Commons had sat ten years it would depose the monarch and expel the Lords from their house. Is the throne of Queen Victoria less secure than that of William the Fourth was before the memorable passing of what Macaulay calls "That noble Law—our second Bill of Rights"? The history of England is the history of progress, not of retrogression; and if the Tories still wait and watch for a reaction of public opinion, they are like the boy who stood on the bank of a river in expectation of its stopping—

Till the whole stream that stayed him should be gone,
Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever will run on.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF TOM TIBBINS, ESQ.
OF PROSPECT VILLA, CLAPHAM.

MONDAY, OCT. 21, 1861.—Returned to town this morning from Margate, after a week's absence. Seven more dreary days than the last I never spent in my life. Looking at the water and at the sky, and at the listless promenaders on the beach, appeared to me a dreadful, tiresome business. Mrs. Tibbins, nevertheless, went reluctantly back to town, though I was delighted on setting once more foot among the crowd at London-bridge.

Bought a new dress for Mrs. T., as promised at Margate. Shopman tells me that the latest Paris fashion is dead against crinoline. A new garment has been invented, called the Josephine. It is of the sugar-loaf shape, lined, it seems, with thin dealboards, and with the waist high under the arm, as seen in pictures of the last century. Mrs. T. says it is very beautiful.

TUESDAY, OCT. 22.—To the club at 11 a.m. Found, to my great satisfaction, that the reading-room was well filled, a good many members having returned to town. Much talk about the suicide of Viscount Forth, only son of the Earl of Perth. The noble house of Perth, I notice, has undergone strange vicissitudes, giving rise to more than one romance of the peerage. Descended from the royal family of Scotland, the Drummonds of Perth were among the leading men of North Britain for ages, and stuck fast to legitimate royalty after all the world had given it up. As a consequence, the earldom was attained, and the Drummonds had to fly to France, where Louis the Fourteenth gave them a dukedom with barony in exchange. But the higher title was but poor compensation for the broad acres lost. As Dukes de Belfort and Counts de Lussan, the Drummonds were ill at ease, some of them having to get a living as gamekeepers, others as village postmasters. So it went on for a hundred and twenty years till one Duke de Belfort was lucky enough to gain the hand of a rich lady, widow of famous General Rapp, bosom-friend of the Emperor Napoleon I. The lady, a German by birth, and as beautiful as ambitious, persuaded her new husband to attempt to regain the ancient honours of his family, and for this purpose put the whole of her fortune at his disposal. The attempt was made, and succeeded; and the House of Lords, in 1853, re-instated the Duke de Belfort and Count de Lussan into the earldom of Perth. It was a great victory, but a very expensive one. The widow of General Rapp gained a title but lost a fortune, and soon began to feel that without cash one is still worse off than without rank. So the earl and his countess left England after a short residence, and went to reside in the metropolis of cheapness, Brussels. Long before this, and, indeed, long before the Rapp fortune was spent in the chase after a Scotch earldom, a son was born to the Duke de Belfort—the late unhappy Viscount Forth. His melancholy career is written in the annals of the divorce court; wine and women seem to have formed the sole aim and ambition of his life. He being an only son, the earl-

dom of Perth becomes once more extinct. The motto of the family, "Gang warly," has been ill attended to of late.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 23.—Went to see the "Pneumatic Railway," near Battersea-park. It is a new mode of locomotion, I am told, by which mankind can travel at the rate of 300 miles an hour. Presenting myself with a letter of introduction at a boarded inclosure adjoining the Battersea Railway Station, I was instantly admitted, and in due course introduced to Mr. Plummer, the originator and promoter of the wonderful undertaking. Mr. Plummer is a tall, thin man, with high forehead, narrow lips, and thoughtful eyes, the very picture of an inventor. He at once proceeded to show me his railway. Walking along what appeared so me a good-sized gas or water-pipe, we arrived, at the end of about a quarter of a mile, at the orifice of the tube, before which stood two iron coffins on wheels. The man in attendance was just proceeding to put straw mattresses into the coffins, as if preparing for a reception of bodies. Great was my astonishment when I was asked to be one of the bodies, for the purpose of being propelled through the gas pipe. This, then, was the famous "Pneumatic Railway." I wished myself miles away—back to Prospect Villa, back to Clapham-park, back to Margate even, and the dreary promenade. Mr. Plummer seemed to divine my thoughts, and, looking at me with a sad smile, said, "I will lie down in the first carriage, if you will take the second." Mockery of mockeries! to call a coffin a carriage! But what could I do? I had brought a letter of introduction from Jones, and it was clear, should I refuse to go, this fatal inventor would not fail to dispatch an epistle to my friend, accusing me of cowardice and worse. This thought decided me, and, taking off my coat and hat, I crept down into the horrid iron box, twisting my legs so as to go within the narrow compass. True to his word, Mr. Plummer plumped into coffin number one; though how he managed to get his long limbs into the extremely limited space was a complete mystery to me. He probably left his straw pillows behind, and put his head on a soft piece of iron. But I had no time to reflect, for in a moment I felt myself moving into the gas pipe, and with a last thought to Mrs. Tibbins and the children, prepared to leave life and light behind. A faint appeal to Mr. Plummer to proceed at a somewhat lesser rate than 300 miles per hour, was lost in the entry of the tube through which I felt being drawn. Bumping and thumping my coffin went along, shaking me most horribly, and making me expect every moment instantaneouse death. But at last there came a knock more terrifying than all the preceding, and, with a sound like thunder, a valve flew open, and the "carriages" rushed into the open air. Thank God, I was saved! Mr. Plummer was the first to emerge from his coffin, and with his old mournful smile, assured me that the journey had been most pleasant one. It had only taken thirty seconds, he said; and I nodded assent, though I could have sworn the transit had lasted thirty hours. I was now shown the motive power of the Pneumatic Railway: a huge disk, revolving very quickly, and sucking the air out of the tube and discharging it by centrifugal force. Having explained this machinery, my travelling companion grew eloquent on Pneumatic Railways, assuring me that they were certain to supersede all existing contrivances for locomotion whatsoever; which supposition it was impossible for me to gainsay. Whereupon, with fervent thanks to Mr. Plummer for sucking me so cleverly through his gas pipe, I took my farewell. Returning, I saw the coffin drawn back to the entrance hole, and shuddered.

THURSDAY, OCT. 24.—To the Club at 11 a.m. A warm discussion on foreign politics between Jones and the Secretary. Jones has lately been chosen captain in the Bluecoat Volunteers, is very enthusiastic in his duties, very warlike in his sentiments, and has been informed, "on good authority," that Napoleon III. will invade England next spring. Secretary thinks it unlikely he will come so soon, not having all his iron-cased frigates ready. Thereupon speeches, pro and con, ending in a final bet. If Napoleon III. is not off Dover on the first of April next, Jones is to pay a dinner of four, with wine ad libitum; but if in sight of the English shore, Secretary is to enter the Bluecoat as Private. I to be referee, and to take a note of the bargain, which I do hereby.

Mem.—Must take care to keep the arrangement secret. Jones is thin-skinned since his captaincy.

FRIDAY, OCT. 25.—Fell in with Phil. Stubbs, always full of the "legitimate drama." Agreed doing the legitimate with him at Sadler's Wells in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Started for the unknown region soon after six, and arrived just before the curtain was drawn. A queer little theatre this Sadler's Wells. Such a close juxtaposition of silk and fastian I never saw before. The first gallery, dress-circle so called, was filled with elegantly attired ladies and gentlemen, while immediately above a congregation of roughs were cracking nuts and essaying gymnastic exercises in shirt sleeves. I thought, at the first aspect of things, of having fallen into evil hands; and was much surprised, therefore, at the general stillness in the house as soon as the curtain had risen. The nut-cracking ceased instantly, and the coatless costers in the paradise above were evidently listening with the greatest attention. Stubbs was enchanted; here at last he had found his long-sought legitimate drama in perfect condition—first-rate acting, and a multitude reverently listening. I could not help agreeing with him to some extent, but thought that the good acting was chiefly that of Mr. Phelps, who made a most admirable "Bottom." The scenery and dresses were also irreproachable. Less so the corps de ballet and orchestra; and the arrangement of the stage gas lamps, which were flaring as in a butcher's shop, and before the end of the second act had given fair Helena a very bad cough. But the quiet and almost reverent behaviour of the spectators in pit and gallery during the progress of the performances was, to my mind, the most interesting part of the evening's entertainment. There seemed to be among them a thorough appreciation of the poet's genius. Unfortunately, the pause between the acts brought in tempters in the shape of middle-aged dealers in apples and nuts. With a perseverance worthy of a better cause, the nut-mongers squeezed themselves through the dense ranks of spectators, regardless of hats, caps, bonnets, shoulders, and noses; but grimly intent on measuring out their hardware in pints and half-pints. Mendelssohn's glorious "Wedding March" was ushered in by a storm of nut-cracking melody, which was not subdued till Theseus began addressing Hippolyta. Then all again was hushed, and while "the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling," was being delivered, the house had become as silent as the grave. A wonderful theatre this Sadler's Wells.

ACCIDENTS AND CALAMITIES.

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SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO A MAIL TRAIN.—As the mail train which left London at nine o'clock on Wednesday night was approaching the station near Lancaster, called the Bayhorse station, on Thursday morning, it came in contact with a goods train, which was in the act of shunting there to let it pass. It had nearly cleared the line when the mail train dashed into it, smashing the two last trucks into shivers, and of course scattering their contents far and wide. Singularly enough a great portion of one of the trucks was afterwards found with one end upon the opposite line and the other on the top of the passenger engine. Had the train been going at the ordinary speed the consequences must have been fearful.

EXTRAORDINARY MACHINERY ACCIDENT.—An accident of an extraordinary nature, involving a loss to the extent of £1,000, and throwing about 250 operatives out of employment, occurred on Wednesday, at the mill of Mr. William Brittwistle, Stanley-street, Blackburn. It would seem that while the fireman was alone in the engine house, and all was going on as usual, he was alarmed by the snapping of a few cogs in the fly-wheel, and the bounding of a piece of the wheel against the wall. He ran to stop the engines, and, as he was turning off the steam, he was terrified by the loud crash which ensued, the fly-wheel, driving-wheel, and other parts of two twenty-five horse-power engines being literally demolished and strewn about the premises. No personal injury was sustained. The engines worked 470 looms, 12,000 spindles, which gave employment to about 250 operatives. The mill is not wholly closed, about 150 looms and several winding-frames being kept in operation by another engine.

DEATH FROM A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—An inquest was held on Friday, at Manchester, on the body of William Williams, thirty-five (a married man, leaving a wife and two children), late of Boundary-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, who came by his death through a singular accident. On a Sunday evening five weeks ago, he was drinking in a public house, and commenced quarrelling with a man. There was a pint mug on the counter; deceased had raised his hand to throw it at his opponent, when the landlord seized it by the handle, which came off, and this caused the mug to go against deceased's neck, which was cut very severely by the jagged edge where the handle had broken off. The landlord then turned deceased—who was bleeding profusely—out of the house, and a moment after one who saw the accident went into the street, and found deceased lying on the ground. He was carried home, a surgeon called in, but the deceased died from the wound, on Thursday last. A verdict of "accidental death" was returned.

EXPLOSION OF POWDER MILLS.—One of those sad and terrible accidents to which powder manufacturers are, from the dangerous nature of the material that they contain, peculiarly exposed, took place on Wednesday last, at the powder-mills, Ballincollig, Ireland. The place destroyed was a small wooden building in the western part of the works, with dwarf walls of brick underneath, which supported the sides and flooring. It was used as a pressing mill, and the usual precautions against explosions seemed to have been carefully attended to; nevertheless, on the day mentioned, about a quarter or ten minutes before twelve the explosion took place. It was heard distinctly in Cork, where even the effects of the vibrations caused by it were sensible. On the arrival of people from the neighbourhood a spectacle truly horrifying presented itself. The pressing mill had been blown into thousands of fragments, which lay scattered over the ground for a considerable distance on every side. At one side was a small plantation of a couple of years' growth, and the tops of most of the trees in this were regularly blown off. In the neighbourhood of the spot where the building had stood were found three bodies, so fearfully mutilated that none of their features could be recognised. Portions of the limbs and other parts of the body had been torn away. One had the top of his skull blown away, and it was completely emptied of brains as if somebody had scooped it out. Small portions of the limbs and flesh were blown across the river, and were found there afterwards by parties who went across to search. The body of another was completely torn open in the middle, and the entrails hung out. Five men altogether had been at work in the mill, and all had lost their lives. All the men killed had families, and when their wives and children arrived at the place, shortly after the accident, the scene was a most heart-rending one. The three bodies found were placed on carts, to await the arrival of the coroner; and around these the relatives of the deceased gathered with loud and piercing cries and other passionate demonstrations of grief.

HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE.—On Thursday evening the inhabitants of Dowlais, Glamorganshire, were alarmed by hearing a loud report, very similar in sound to the explosion which now and then occurs in our coal pits. After a little while it was ascertained that an explosion had taken place in the refinery at the iron works, through the ignorance or carelessness of a poor workman. It appears that it was his duty to place the sand-moulds in order in readiness for the iron ore to run into them in a molten condition. This he did, but thoughtlessly plunged a bar of cold iron into the heated mass, and the consequence was that an explosion ensued, the iron leaping in all directions as if endowed with vitality, literally covering the unfortunate man with a molten mail, to the horror of the few who were near. In addition great damage was caused, but all this was overlooked in the anxiety to rescue the sufferer, who was at once placed in blankets, with oil bandages about him, and in this position he remains. We are informed that recovery is hopeless, his eyes are gone, and the flesh burnt from his bones! The sufferer's name is King. He is an old soldier who has been through the whole of the Crimean war.

ACCIDENT AT WOOLWICH.—A serious collision, by which her Majesty's steam vessel *Monkey* was much damaged, occurred in the harbour at three o'clock on Monday afternoon. It appears that the *Monkey* was lying at her usual moorings, immediately opposite the dockyard, when a laden brig came up the stream and went completely out of her course, apparently unmanageable. The *Monkey* was struck with great force by the brig, and carried away from her moorings; one of her paddle boxes was driven in, her funnel removed, and the vessel otherwise injured. Mr. Macdonald, master attendant of the *Flagstaff* flag-ship, and other officers, immediately proceeded to investigate the matter, and the brig, which appears to be entirely in fault, was detained, but afterwards proceeded up the river. The *Monkey* was removed to the basin on Tuesday for repairs.

COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL ON TUESDAY AND LOSS OF ALL HANDS.—The brig *Ravenswheel*, of Shields, Langland master, while on her voyage from Waterford to Swansea, when twelve miles off the Smalls, came in collision with a schooner, name not known, apparently about 150 or 200 tons burthen. The brig at the time had no look-out forward. The schooner went down, with all hands, in less than five minutes after striking.

SUPPOSED CHILD MURDER.—CASTING BODIES INTO THE THAMES.—On Monday morning Mr. C. J. Carter, coroner, held an inquest at the Garrick's Head, Deptford, on the body of a female infant, found in the Thames. The body was discovered tied in a parcel, floating in the river off Deptford, and from the fact of one of its legs having been cut off, but still placed in the parcel, and that an incision had been made on the left breast, from the neck downwards, the suspicion excited was that a foul murder had been committed. A post-mortem examination of the body was accordingly made by Mr. Fisher, surgeon and assistant to Dr. Downing, police divisional surgeon, who gave it as his opinion that the child was still-born, and that its body had been obtained by some medical student for the purpose of operating upon, and afterwards thrown into the river. The Coroner and jury having commented upon the impropriety of such an act, a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony was returned.

SPORTING NEWS.

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DEERFOOT AT BIRMINGHAM.—A great desire to witness the famed Indian runner by the admirers of pedestrian sports in Birmingham and the neighbourhood having been expressed, a handicap race of four miles was announced to come off on Monday afternoon at the St. Helena Gardens, Balsall Heath, the first prize being a handsome silver cup, of the value of £25, to the winner, and money prizes to the second and third man. The competitors were handicapped according to their previous performances, and the following five accepted the conditions—viz., E. Mills, of London (the six mile champion runner), who was placed at scratch; Deerfoot (the ten mile champion runner), fifty yards start; S. Barker, of London (the challenger of the ten miles champion cup), fifty yards start; W. Richards of Millwall, 440 yards start, and J. Roberts, of Birmingham, 440 yards start. On going off, the Indian and Mills at once began to show their superior speed, and it was soon evident that they were gaining on the two with a start of 440 yards, Mills striving to the utmost to close up the gap of 50 yards between himself and Deerfoot. The easy style of Mills was much admired, and from the commencement of the race the interest was confined to him and the Indian. The latter two dashed on amidst loud cheering, and the excitement was much increased when they each had passed Richards and Roberts the requisite times to make up the 440 yards' start given them; but notwithstanding all the efforts of Mills he could not overtake the Indian. Richards ran on most gamely, but Roberts gave in when he had gone three miles and a half. On entering the fourth mile Deerfoot was leading. Mills was again struggling to close up with him, and as often the Indian spurred away, Richards bringing up the rear. When a quarter of a mile from home Mills made his final effort, and got within ten yards of the Indian flyer, but all his exertions failed, and he fell quite exhausted within two laps of the finish. Richards, who went the whole distance, passed the goal twenty yards behind the victor. Deerfoot completed the four miles (less fifty yards start) in a few seconds over twenty minutes.

A RUN WITH LORD PORTSMOUTH'S HOUNDS.—On Thursday Lord Portsmouth's hounds met at Three Hammers, and proceeded to draw the Broomeshead and neighbouring covers, but, notwithstanding assurances that five brace were at home—all blank. On to Chelton covers, where the hounds soon gave unmistakable signs, and out slipped Reynard to the north, soon followed by the whole pack, and a small but well mounted field, who well answered to the "come along" of his lordship. Crossing the Chelton Moor, the hounds presented a magnificent sight, being close together, and going at a terrible pace, and close to their fox, who sought refuge in the Wixen woods, but was so closely pressed as to make the circle of the woods and cross the river twice, then pointed at Bycott plantation, but, not having time to keep straight, made another twist to the woods, and after another circle was earthed. On being taken out it was found to be a fine four-year-old vixen, and judging from the work she cut out was an old acquaintance. This fine run took exactly one hour, and from the pace and twists and turns tried the mettle of both horses and men—all, however, contrived to be well-placed at the finish. Lord Portsmouth inaugurates the coming season in his usual handsome style on Tuesday next, and the countess has intimated that all comers will receive the Eggesford welcome.

NEWMARKET RACES.—An immense train of carriages, filled with turf celebrities, left London on Monday by special train, in order to witness the race for the last great handicap of the season—the Cambridgeshire Stakes. The first day of the last meeting at the metropolis of racing produced some good sport. Mr. Crawford's *Cannabis* filly won both the Selling Handicap and the Maiden Plate very cleverly. *Maggiore*, won her match against *Reveille* in a canter, and the savage *King of the Forest* landed his race rather easily from *Gallus*. *Gabardine* had no difficulty in winning his match against the *Miss Whip* colt, and *Acco* beat *Captain Fortibus* by half a length for the Handicap Plate. The Criterion Stakes produced ten runners, and was won by *Old Calabar*, who passed the post a clever winner by half a length.

The Cambridgeshire Stakes, the Derby of Newmarket, which came off on Tuesday, was most fashionably, if not numerously, attended. The Prince of Wales was on the heath, in company with the Duke of St. Albans, General Bruce, and Captain Gray. At three o'clock his royal highness and suite took luncheon close by the telegraph station, and afterwards mounted their horses and proceeded to the course to see the racing. The prince rode a pretty gray cob. The presence of his royal highness was not publicly known. The attendance was not so numerous as on former "Cambridgeshire days," the inclement weather doubtless preventing the market folk from visiting the course, whilst the townspeople, who generally, when their lodgers have departed, contrive to witness a great race at the top of the town, were confined to their houses by the rain. The spectators, too, arrayed themselves in the most indescribable costumes, and seemed as if they were more bent upon a whaling expedition than the pursuit of sport under difficulties. The proceedings commenced with the time-honoured "Feather Plate" a race in which many of the most popular "Knights of

the Pig-skin" first win their spurs. There were nineteen nominations, every one of which went to the post. The race, however, was a very hollow affair, for the *Steeple* colt scattered the field and won in a canter, his success being likely to bring his sire, *Fazzoletto*, into strong notice for next season. Little was thought of, however, until after the race for the Cambridgeshire, the betting for which was by no means brisk at the close. The number of the starters (35) were displayed on the telegraph board fully half an hour before the time appointed for the start—12.55. The horses, however, were not arranged in "going order" until about a quarter past one. *Frailty* took a clear lead at starting, but had scarcely settled down to her work when *Queen of the Vale* showed in front, her immediate followers being the *Clarissa* colt, *Frailty*, *Asteroid*, *Gabrielle d'Estrees*, *Gridiron*, *The Roe*, *Nemesis*, *Henham Lass*, and *Palestro*, the others running in a cluster in their wake, *Baron Munchausen*, *Oxford*, and *Limeflower* being the most conspicuous at the head of the ruck. The colours shifted momentarily long before reaching the white rails—about a quarter of a mile from home—when *Limeflower* and *Henham Lass* were beaten, and *Tom Bowline* was toiling on hopelessly in the extreme rear. *Queen of the Vale*, at this point, held a lead of about two lengths; *Asteroid* being next, in the centre of the course; *Gabrielle d'Estrees* third, on the lower ground; *Palestro* fourth, on the whip hand; and *The Roe* next. The race was virtually over before reaching the cords, for *Asteroid* died away gradually, and *Count de Lagrange*'s two horses, *Gabrielle d'Estrees* and *Palestro*, were left to finish the encounter. The mare seemed to be winning in a canter; but to the surprise of every one she gave way within a few strides of the chair in favour of her stable companion *Palestro*, who, full of running, won by half a length. A great cheer was raised when the judge announced his decision—a cheer which must have convinced the many foreigners present how cordially English turfites appreciate the pluck which has induced French gentlemen to share their sports, and to enter into a generous emulation with them in their national pastime, and on their own ground.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

(SEE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 56.)

NEXT to the famous encounter at Bull's Run, the battle of Lexington is the most important engagement which has yet taken place between the Confederate and Union forces. The struggle—not a battle in the strict sense of the word—extended over no less than eight days, and was for the possession of the city and fortress of Lexington, held by the Union troops, under Colonel Mulligan. The first attack by the Confederates took place on Thursday the 12th of September, with about 6,000 men, commanded by General Price. In this engagement the Confederates were repulsed, but renewed their offensive operations next day with a stronger force. Again driven back and again advancing, the Confederates at last completely surrounded the Union troops, which latter kept on fighting from the 17th to the 20th inclusive, night and day, without interruption. During this whole time they were without any water except about twenty barrels in cisterns around the college building. Most of this had to be kept, too, for hospital purposes. On the 20th, it became evident that the Federals could hold out no longer, and Colonel Mulligan accordingly offered to surrender. General Price at once acceded to the request, and allowed the Union men to depart, but, of course, without their arms. The swords of the officers were, however, not taken away. General Price said to Colonel Mulligan that he was too brave a man to be deprived of his sword, and permitted him to retain it. Colonel Mulligan is stated to have "wept like a child" when he found he must give up the battle which he had fought without ceasing against a superior force.

Our engraving gives a sketch of the struggle shortly before the surrender. In explanation of the scenery, we may state that the fortifications of Lexington are situated at the edge of the town, on a bluff overlooking the river. The works are of earth, seven feet high and twelve feet thick, with a ditch of six feet deep and twelve feet broad surrounding them. Another and smaller work is erected inside, defended by a ditch—the whole capable of holding 10,000 troops.

THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.

The masons are now the only branch of the building operatives standing out against the hour system, and about 240 men are on the strike books of the society. Last week the whole of the men remaining on the strike books of the bricklayers' society were cleared off, having obtained employment, either under the compromise or on the old terms of the trade, at 5s. 6d. per day of ten hours, and the committee have ceased, for the present, any further opposition to the hour system, and withdrawn their pickets from all the yards and jobs where they have been kept on for the last seven months, and are now devoting themselves to the perfecting the new organization and amalgamation of their trade throughout the country with the object of uniting, in combination with the other branches of the building trade, in opposition to the system at the commencement of the building season in the spring. In the meantime, in common with the carpenters, painters, and plasterers, who are working on the hour system under protest, they have decided on throwing their pecuniary support into the masons' committee. By this arrangement it is calculated that, with the aid given from other trades, the masons' committee will be provided with sufficient funds to maintain the whole of their men during the winter at rate of allowance securing them against pecuniary pressure.

About £2,000 have been expended by the bricklayers' committee since the commencement of the strike in March last, chiefly derived from levies on their own members who have remained in work. The expenditure of the masons during the same period has been more than double that sum, £3,000 having been contributed from the funds of their society alone. The weekly income of the masons' strike committee now amounts to about £250 per week, viz., £100 from the fund of the society, £50 in levies from the men working under the compromise, and the balance from subscriptions sent in by the other trades, including about £50 per week from the various carpenters' societies. This sum will now be increased, as, since the meeting at St. James's Hall, several trades have placed on themselves levies in sums varying from 3d. to 6d. per week. The hour employers show no inclination to withdraw the new system, and the men seem as determined not to accept it. The committee state that out of 800 masons who struck in March last less than fifty have gone back to work by the hour, while double that number have joined the society.

THE LATE SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

One of England's statesmen, Sir James Graham, suddenly departed this life on Friday, the 25th inst. Sir James Graham was the eldest son of Sir James, the first baronet, by Lady Catherine Stewart, the eldest daughter of the seventh Earl of Gallo- way, and was born June 1st, 1792. He took an early part in the political affairs of the nation, and represented Hull in Parliament from 1818 to 1820. In April, 1824, he succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, and two years afterwards he was returned for Carlisle on Whig principles. His abilities soon became apparent after he entered the House of Commons, and he was deemed a great acquisition to the Whigs, a political party then hourly gaining strength in the county. In 1830 he was elected representative for the country, and was one of the most strenuous and zealous advocates for the Reform Bill, as he had previously been for the repeal of the Test Acts and for Catholic Emancipation. On the formation of Earl Grey's Administration, his talents were so much appreciated, especially in mastering details, that without official experience, he was placed at the head of the Board of Admiralty as First Lord, and, as is customary in the case of that high functionary of State, had a seat in the Cabinet. After the Reform Bill, in 1832, he was elected for the eastern division of the county of Cumberland, which he represented up to 1837. In May, 1834, dissensions in Earl Grey's Cabinet arose on the Irish Church question, which led to the retirement of Sir James Graham, together with Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby), the late Duke of Richmond, and the late Earl of Ripon. That serious secession of talent from the Government occasioned the early downfall of Earl Grey's Ministry. On Sir Robert Peel coming into power, Sir James Graham was invited to join that dis-

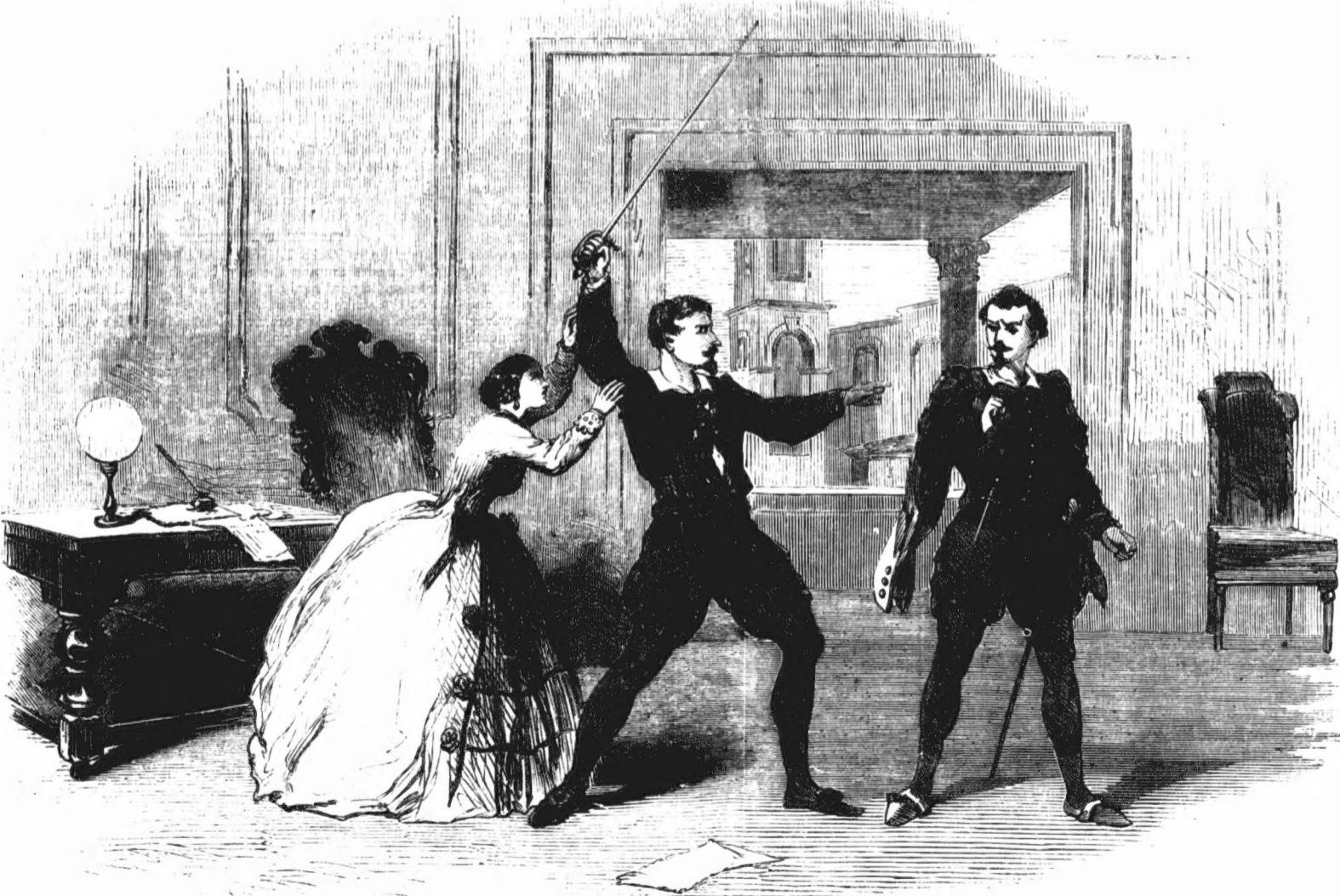
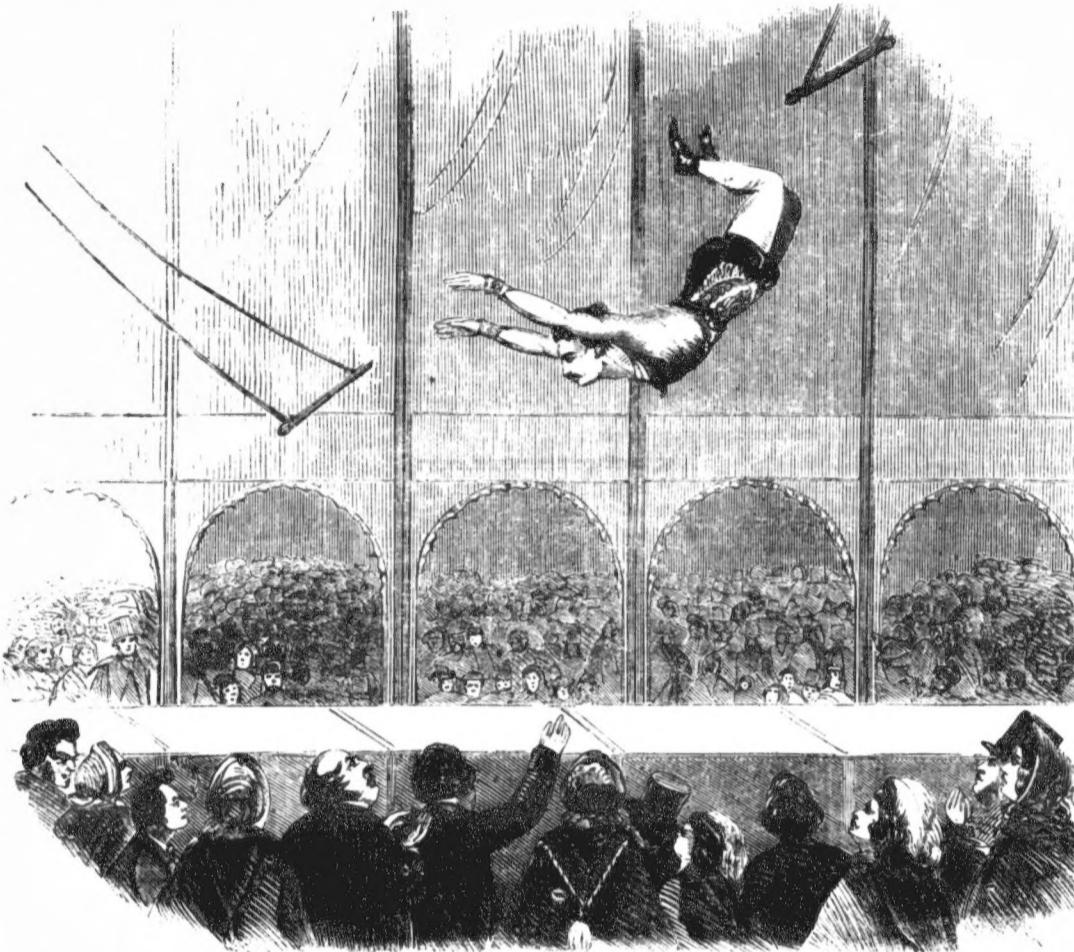
THE FLYING FRENCHMAN. (SEE PAGE 50.)

tinguished statesman, but he and the other members of the "Derby dilly" declined to enter the Ministry, and he publicly stated at the hustings that he had no confidence in Sir Robert's Administrations, which he subsequently supported by his votes in Parliament. At the general election in 1837 he had the mortification of being rejected by his former constituents, and remained out of the House of Commons until the following session, when he was elected for Pembroke. In 1841, he was elected for Dorchester. That year, on the late

Sir Robert Peel being called upon to form a Ministry, Sir James Graham took office under that illustrious statesman, as Secretary of State for the Home Department, an office he held until the dissolution of the Government in June, 1846. During his tenure of office under Sir Robert Peel he was one of the ablest supporters of the repeal of the corn laws. From 1847 to 1852 he was representative for the borough of Ripon, when, in the latter year, he was elected for Carlisle, which city he has since sat for in the House of Commons. On the Earl of Aberdeen coming into power as First Lord of the Treasury, in December, 1852, Sir James was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. He remained with the earl's ministry till the fatal vote on Mr. Roebuck's motion, "That a select committee be appointed to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastopol, and into those departments of the Government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of that army." From that period he has not sought official employment, having been offered office on the formation of the present Ministry, but declined in favour of others whom he thought better calculated to form an efficient Government. It cannot be said that Sir James was ever a popular man, but he was always a valuable member of his own party, and a formidable opponent to his adversaries, in the House of Commons, and on the hustings.

SCENE FROM THE OPERA "RUY BLAS."

OUR illustration below represents one of the most striking scenes of the new grand opera, "Ruy Blas," by Mr. Howard Glover, which was brought out on Thursday last at Covent Garden, inaugurating the winter season of the Pyne-Harrison lyric establishment. The plot of the new opera is based on the drama of the same name, made so familiar to the public by the acting of M. Fechter.



SCENE FROM THE OPERA "RUY BLAS."

LADY ELFRIKA'S POWER.

CHAPTER VII.

THAT next morning Elfrida was pale; the next day more so; on the third she was pallid. She did not feel the enormity of the crime in which she was about to play the chief character, but great mental effort must ever be succeeded by more or less physical depression. She was pale, and the madam, ever on the alert with her eyes, noticed the fact. "Hem!" she immediately began, "your ladyship is not well this morning. Yes? your ladyship is well? Then your ladyship will excuse me for saying that looks can be deceptive—hem!"

"Tell me, Miss Harcourt, have you at any time noticed any peculiarity about Lady Falconridge?" said Elfrida, calmly arranging the little nick-nacks on a table in the morning room. "Peculiarity—hem!" returned Priscilla, "perhaps your ladyship will remember that I said a morning or two since that Lady Falconridge could be odd, very odd—in fact, exceedingly odd—hem!"

"Indeed, I had forgotten the circumstance," returned Lady Elfrida. "You will pardon my asking the question—of course, I had reason in so doing."

Priscilla gave one of her little bows, such as one might suppose would be performed by a perky canary open to understand flattery, but said no word in reply; yet good breeding is one thing and a thirst for information is another, and they often clash. Miss Priscilla was quiescent for a minute, but by the expiration of that period she was absolutely nervous. "Hem!" she inevitably began, "Odd—odd. Why, even Lord George himself, and what between his lordship and Lady Falconridge

—why, that poor dear Constance, but I'm sure, Lady Elfrida, I need say no more upon that subject; and, indeed, why such a subject myself to indulge in it. I don't know—yet nevertheless the will bears me out."

"What will?" asked Elfrida, in the deadliest tone of inquiry.

"Dear me," said the madam, "your ladyship has forgotten that, too—how odd!—that is," said the madam, in a nervous hurry, "I don't mean to say *you* are odd, but I simply wished to remark that—that—that, in fact, I had spoken about the will—Lord George's, in fact."

"My dear Miss Harcourt, do not weary me with—with wills. They remind me of family graves, and all that kind of thing. Pray, be merciful. I do not remember you told me anything about this stupid will, or even referred to it. Do you know whether Lady Falconridge calls at all this morning?"

"Oh, no," said Priscilla, with a mouth as vulgarly large as she could make it, "Lady Falconridge never calls on a Tuesday; the county people are quite aware that Lady Falconridge is at home on Tuesdays, as a rule. I dare say Sir Jeffrey will call to-day to introduce his nephew. I am dying to know his nephew. So romantic, you know, quite a Spaniard, and a fair Spaniard, so odd; wonder whether he speaks English, so singular if he doesn't; how will he get on in the county, and all the common people will hoot him quite dreadfully."

Here the Madam, as she looked through the window, expressed a sound which was supposed in the servants' hall, in which Priscilla had been baptized "the Madam," to intimate that the lady's feelings were shocked. It resembled a dismally and un-oiled crank more than any other sound in nature,

"Call John—John!" shrieked the madam, reeling to the door and screaming all about the hall, "John—take Ripper and shoot him—I mean the hawk—take Ripper directly."

"Ripper," was a musket which was generally loaded and kept ornamentally bright in the butler's pantry.

"Oh, look at it, the savage," said the Madam, as she pointed into the air.

It was a hawk poising over a small bird. Have you ever seen that savage hunt? There wheels the hawk round and round in the air till the prey is seen—a poor little trembling bird. At last it is over the victim, and it shimmers in the air, immovably trembling as it were. Suddenly it swoops down, as rapid as the eye can follow it, beak open, and claws set upon the doomed bird. And in a moment vein is ripped open, heart lacerated, and the hawk covers the dying throbs with its wings as though envious of even nature seeing its victory.

"Is that all?" asked Elfrida, looking at the quivering hawk, which smirking, but soft-hearted Prissy had but seen to oppose, "is that all?" then suddenly she flung open the window as she saw the lad, styled John, coming full on with his face all open, so to speak, with the joyful risk of banging old Ripper.

"Do not fire," she said, and as the lad's cheeks suddenly collapsed, the hawk made its swoop, and its protector turned from the window.

Miss Priscilla thought it only decent to use her pocket-handkerchief; "Poor little thing," she said, referring to the hawk's victim, and it is very certain that if Elfrida had been anybody of less dignity than her ladyship, the madam would have said how cruel—for old Miss Harcourt though as tough



"NEITHER YOU NOR I HAVE ANY RIGHT TO INTERFERE."

as cat-gut, had some remembrance of the time when she was as fresh as a daisy.

"Poor little thing!" said Elfrida; "nonsense, it takes its chance to be saved or lost, and it *has* lost. Neither you nor I have any right to interfere."

"Oh," returns the madam, those lumps of emotion which can be found to be situated in the human throat bobbing upon and down past the morning coral she always would wear in the most remarkable manner; "Oh, Lady Elfrida, should we not protect the weak against the strong?"

"No; if all the *weak* were dead, the world would be peopled with the strong—just as there would be no tyrants if there were no cowards. I hate the weak—oh, I see what you mean. I may be weak some day. Very well, when that day comes I shall be conquered; if I am not, it will be because I meet with mercy. My dear Miss Harcourt, mercy is a great mistake, it makes the *giver* vain and the *receiver* mean. Mercy—that's injustice—mercy injures some one. Look at that hawk—he is strong—(as nature made him)—he is exercising his strength, and you would destroy him; that's mercy in little all the world over."

The madam looked up and down, and felt as awkward as quite a common person. "Well, my dear," she said, and never had she spoken so heartily as when she uttered these words. "Well my dear. I really do not follow you, but I must say you're quite inverted me, and made me feel quite uncomfortable—oh, there's Sir Jeffery's dog-cart, newly painted."

Miss Harcourt had her diamonds on again, so to speak, in

a moment, and, in her most gingersly style, re-commenced her usual cackle—"Hem! Sir Jeffrey has come home again—my dear, he's been in Scotland six months—since that affair at Paris—but I'll not trouble you—Lady Falconridge does not wish you to know the truth—that's the Spaniard, Juan, exquisite name Juan. In the old time Sir Jeffrey used often to come to breakfast—hearty man—immense eater—gout must rise to his stomach before long—wonder who the Spaniard will marry—all the Tir girls will try for him; poor dear innocent foreigner, I'm quite sure—he'll excuse me, I'll hurry Lady Falconridge."

Away flew the madam, ruffling and plumping herself like a mighty eight-and-forty pounder as she was.

Sir Jeffrey Pelton was a Yorkshire baronet, who served heaven and honored the queen, while five handsome meals a day were a part of his creed. A glorious man Sir Jeffrey—a stalwart baronet, so hearty as to bring transient health into a sick room. If he was pleased with a man he struck him on the shoulder within five minutes of his acquaintance so heavily that it was a shock to a small man, yet it was impossible not to be quite willing to receive a second. An immense man, whose gigantic good-humour absolutely dwarfed the ill-temper it met with. Yet by no means a fortunate man—Sir Jeffrey. Everybody knew that his five thousand a year was positively swallowed up in a racing stud that never won anything but everybody's condemnation. He was the best-tempered man and the worst race-horse breeder in Yorkshire—that is saying a great deal. However, a Yorkshireman possesses the blessed faculty

to a greater extent than any other shire man in the United Kingdom, of not knowing when he is beaten, and so Sir Jeffrey went on turning out racers with as much enthusiasm as though he had taken half a dozen cups at Epsom. An unusually good-tempered man, and with a heart as soft as extensive. If he had stepped upon a little gentleman whom he had not seen in his way, and "scrunched" him, he would never have got over it, even if the coroner and the twelve good burgesses had constructed a highly-complimentary verdict; and the sight of a woman in tears knocked him over for an hour. He had his little, or rather big vanities, as well as most men. There is a village in Yorkshire celebrated for its very tall men. No one is under six feet; and it is popularly supposed that when a new inhabitant makes his appearance who is under a certain number of inches, and a recognised number of pounds, that the infant is left on a door-step in a neighbouring village, or by some means spirited away, that he may not become a grown-up disgrace to the village. It was Sir Jeffrey's delight to walk through this gigantic colony, and furtively measure shoulders with the natives. They certainly would have been proud of him.

Sir Jeffrey was miserably broken up when he heard of his son's murder in Paris. He was for some months no more a tall and portly gentleman. He stooped. But it is not in such hearty, frank natures as his to be conquered by grief. He went away to Scotland, and came back from the moors once more upright and portly—once more the jolly gentleman who took the five daily meals with fine appreciation. We are as

